

Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 6

AUGUST, 1942

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

That which is in the heart of man, Thine eyes behold,
O Lord, and in Thy book are all things written. Man
seeth those things which appear, but the Lord beholdeth
the heart. For He searcheth all hearts, and understand-
eth all thoughts.

From Matins of the First Week of August.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to
draw upon all Catholic magazines and
upon non-Catholic magazines as well,
when they publish catholic articles.
We are sorry the latter cannot be taken
as a general endorsement of every-
thing in the non-Catholic magazines.
It is rather an encouragement to them
to continue using Catholic material.
In this we follow the advice of St. Paul:
For the rest, brethren, all that is true,
all that is seemly, all that is just, all
that is pure, all that is lovable, all
that is winning—whatever is virtuous
or praiseworthy—let such things fill
your thought.



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Protestant Missioners to Catholic Heathen

By JOHN W. WHITE

John W. White contributed an article to the June 27 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* on Japanese infiltration in Brazil. He was the *New York Times* correspondent in South America for almost 20 years, is now reporting Mexico for the *New York Herald Tribune*.

The one most serious obstacle to closer friendship and understanding between the people of the U.S. and those of South America is the proselytizing activity of hundreds of American Protestant missionaries who have been sent to the southern continent "to save the heathen and bring Christianity to them." And this in civilized countries which ever since the founding of their independence have had an established and state-protected Christian religion! These so-called missionaries personify better than any other American activity that smug superiority and holier-than-thou attitude of ours which always has exasperated the South American people and made it impossible for us to get onto a basis of friendly and mutual understanding with them.

Because I am a Protestant, I fought long and stubbornly against accepting the truth of this situation. But as a newspaper correspondent attempting to study objectively the problems and difficulties of our relationships with the countries and people of South America, I soon had forced upon me the conviction that the activities of our Protestant missionaries are nullifying practically all our sincere efforts to win the friendship of the South Americans. My interest in the problem, therefore, is purely patriotic and political, not religious.

I have spent 25 years as a traveling correspondent in South America: first, for one of the American press associations, and later, successively, for three of the most important American newspapers. In that capacity I have traveled up and down and across the continent from Panama to Patagonia and from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Everywhere that I have gone the question of the American missionaries eventually has been brought up as the strongest rea-

son why South Americans do not like us and believe us to be insincere and hypocritical in our efforts to get closer to them.

One of the most prominent newspaper publishers in Buenos Aires epitomized the whole South American attitude toward us when he said to me on the occasion of the visit of President-elect Hoover, "What is the use of your President coming here and pretending that you Americans want so much to be our close friends as long as you continue to consider us as heathen and send missionaries to save us?"

This dislike of the U. S. because of the activities of the Protestant missionaries reaches its most extreme bitterness in the Argentine Republic and is a most important stultification of our almost frantic efforts to be friends with the Argentines. This attitude is hardly to be wondered at when we consider that Argentina is by far the most advanced and most prosperous of all the South American nations, having almost no Indian blood in its population, as have all the others except Uruguay. Also, the Argentines have a strong national pride and are most sensitive. The great modern city of Buenos Aires can compete favorably with any big American city and is superior to many of our own cities as a center of culture and civilization. Is it strange, then, that the Argentines should resent their capital having been made the headquarters for the American foreign-mission effort in the countries of the River Plate zone?

Nearly 400 foreign missionaries and

their wives have established themselves in Argentina and are listed in an annual directory published in Buenos Aires. Most of them are Americans and they are supported by the same American boards of foreign missions that send missionaries to China, Africa and the islands of the South Pacific. These American missionaries have settled down in the large cities of Argentina or in their pleasant suburbs and devote their "missionary" efforts exclusively to trying to persuade people who already are Christian communicants to leave the Church in which they have been born and raised, and to join the one offered by the missionary.

This is not missionary work. It is proselytizing in its worst form. These missionaries do more harm than good, even from a purely religious point of view, because they deprive their "converts" of the impressive and solemn ritual of the Catholic Church, which they have known all their lives, and give them no equivalent in return for it. Many of these so-called "converts," having had doubt sown in their hearts, soon begin to doubt the new faith, as well, and wind up all too often by becoming unbelievers altogether.

But the great damage done by the American missionaries is in the field of politics. Their work arouses even more enmity against the U. S. than did the activities of American Big Business in the old days of dollar diplomacy.

Before the missionaries can start operating they have to acquire juridical personality under the Napoleonic code upon which South American laws are

based. To do this they must file with the Ministry of Justice in the country in which they desire to operate the statutes and bylaws of the American missionary society which has sent them to South America. These statutes set forth in one form or another that the purpose of the missionary society is "to save the heathen and bring Christianity to them." (I copy the phrase from the legal papers filed by one of the newcomers "in the field" in Argentina.) Is it any wonder that the government officials to whom these papers come for initialing or for other action should detest the people who have the effrontery to offer them this insult?

One American board of foreign missions sent its first mission to Argentina as recently as 1927 and soon had 26 American missionaries at work "in the field." Five other American missionary societies have established themselves in the Argentine Republic since 1900. Three were granted *personeria jurídica* by the Argentine Ministry of Justice in 1906, one in 1908 and one in 1918. According to the 1938 edition of the directory already referred to, which is the latest one in my possession, there were 136 American missionaries living and working in the city of Buenos Aires and its suburbs.

There are hundreds of other American missionaries in the capitals of all the other South American republics, and their presence is resented throughout the continent.

One of the most serious political aspects of the proselytizing campaign of the American missionaries is that it

very naturally arouses the enmity of Catholics throughout South America, against whom it is directed, thereby making it the most formidable single vehicle for anti-American propaganda and for sowing suspicion and dislike of everything American. The Catholic Church is one of the most efficient and far-flung organizations in South America and it carries its dislikes, as well as its faith, into the tiniest villages and most remote towns. In the face of great difficulties it has carried on real missionary work in the less civilized districts of the continent, not excepting the Indian tribes in the Chaco region of Bolivia and Paraguay, and along the far reaches of the Amazon. Since the Protestant missionaries, for the most part, confine their activities to the more civilized and more comfortable cities and towns, the Catholic Church looks upon their activities as unfair competition and fights it as such. I found that authorities in all parts of South America make no pretense of hiding their anti-American sentiments, and when asked for the reason invariably refer to the anti-Catholic activities of the American missionaries.

Mr. Harold Callender, writing in the *New York Times* on Aug. 3, 1941, following a four-month tour of South America in which he visited all ten of the republics, reported widespread hostility against the U. S. on the part of Catholics throughout the continent. The Catholic suspicion of the U. S., he wrote, is so deep and so widespread in many influential quarters as to constitute in nearly every one of the South

American countries a serious obstacle to Pan-American understanding and, consequently, to collective defense.

Mr. Callender quoted the opinion of Dr. Laureano Gomez, a prominent Catholic and leader of the Conservative party of Colombia, as being typical of the opinions that were expressed to him everywhere. Dr. Gomez said that "the fundamental pillar of our culture is religion" and that Catholics in Colombia and elsewhere feared the anti-Catholic influence of the U. S. The only evidences of any such influence are the American missionaries who always are ready to lend support to anticlerical politicians, thus involving themselves in the internal politics of the countries in which they are supposed to be occupied only with religious matters.

Some of the missionary organizations have set up Protestant schools as their main instruments for proselytizing. One of the most recently arrived sects in the Argentine "field" has established a school for boys and another for girls in one of the most thickly populated suburbs of Buenos Aires, which is amply supplied with good Argentine public schools. The pupils are given a glass of milk and a light lunch every day, free of charge, and other extracurricular attractions such as sports and entertainments are held out to entice them away from the Argentine schools. When I asked the leader of this missionary group why he was going to so much unnecessary expense to operate schools where they very obviously were not needed, he replied, "If

I can get the kids into my school I'll guarantee to get them into my church."

When the neighboring pastors attack this sect's activities, as they do constantly and bitterly, they do not attack the missionary society or the Protestant sect which sent these missionaries to Buenos Aires. They attack the U. S., the American people, and the Washington government. You may call it illogical if you wish, but that's what happens.

The Protestant missionaries have been operating in South America since the middle of the last century and they are responsible for most of the misconceptions which Americans have about the people of the southern republics. From the time of our Civil War until the first World War, we in the U. S. were so busily occupied in building our own empire in the Far West that we paid no attention to South America. Very few Americans ever traveled to South America and practically the only American books written about life on the southern continent were those written by American missionaries. These missionaries were professional reformers who were trying to force their particular form of Christianity onto people who had accepted an older form of worshipping the same God and the same Redeemer. In order to justify their activities and continue to raise money with which to support themselves and their work, these missionaries had to paint the South American "mission field" as black as possible. They had to compete with other missionaries in Asia and Africa who were

describing the dark ways of "the poor heathen" of those continents and trying, too, to get more money for their fields. One book written by an American missionary at the turn of the century and purporting to describe life in Buenos Aires was entitled *The Road Through Hell*.

When these American missionaries returned to the U. S., they spent most of their time trying to get more "foreign-mission" money for their own particular field. So they traveled extensively, delivering lectures on South America. If they had described the South American countries and people as they actually were, no one could have been persuaded to part with money to "save" the South Americans, because it would have been perfectly obvious that they needed no saving. So the missionaries, to justify themselves, were forced to present pictures of South American life which were completely misleading, even when not thoroughly false. These books and these lectures were the foundation of American information, or rather misinformation, about South America and, unfortunately, much of that misinformation still is at the base of the misconceptions we continue to have about the people to the south of us.

When the American missionaries return to South America they work just as hard to spread a false picture of the U. S. by pandering to the Latins' pet myth that we Americans are a race of uncultured and uncouth materialists who are interested only in making money and not too particular about

how we make it, either. Apparently, the missionaries feel that this makes them more acceptable to the South Americans who hold these beliefs.

One of the most prominent missionaries of Buenos Aires returned to his field shortly after the repeal of prohibition and immediately gave a widely advertised lecture on *What I Saw in the U. S.* (a counterpart to the usual missionary lecture in the U. S. on *What I Saw in South America*). He declared that religion was losing ground in the U. S.; "the home is gone"; and divorce on the increase. He pictured American women as "gold diggers" and added, "There are women in the U. S. who are drawing alimony from three or four men at the same time." The decline in commercialized prostitution is not altogether a blessing, he said, because it is due largely to a general lowering of the standards of sex morality. "I am telling you quite frankly," he said, "that I am glad to have my daughter back in Buenos Aires."

The lecture, of course, was given sensational publicity in the newspapers. When American religious teachers, whose position in the pulpit stamps their word as truth, give such descriptions of their own country, perhaps it is not strange that many South American families refuse to permit their sons and daughters to go to such an ungodly and dangerous country to finish their education.

The reports and other publicity matter that are distributed in the U. S. to the individuals and organizations that contribute funds for the upkeep of the

foreign-missionary effort refer to the Protestant proselytizing organizations in South America as the Christian church or the Christian effort, using the word *Christian* as an antonym to *Catholic*. It is constantly stated that this "Christian" work is made necessary in South America by the fact that the Catholic Church has lost its leadership among the people. Protestant leaders in the U. S. have been much concerned ever since the first World War over the loss of leadership of the Protestant churches in the U. S. and their inability to hold their congregations. But what would be our reaction if Argentina, Bolivia and Brazil, for instance, should send several hundred missionaries to our large cities and attractive suburbs to save us and preach the Gospel to us? Realizing what our own reaction to such effrontery would be, what possible reason can we have for believing that the highly-educated and cultured people of the South American countries should have any different reaction to the missionaries we send to "save" them?

The South Americans, being innately polite and kind, especially toward foreigners, try to keep up an appearance of courtesy toward the American missionaries who live among them, but inwardly their resentment boils like a volcano and when it boils over, as it occasionally does, it leaves no doubt in anyone's mind as to what the South Americans think of the people who send these missionaries to them and provide the money to support their work. When the South American

countries established their independence from Spain their constitutions set up the Catholic Church as the state religion. But the constitutions also established freedom of worship for those who did not care to associate themselves with the Catholic Church. By taking this step, the founders of the republics intended to permit all foreigners to worship God, or even Buddha or Confucius, according to their own consciences. It seems not to have occurred to them that this courtesy and tolerance toward the religion of other people might be used as a cloak for attacking their own religion and for supporting political opposition which from time to time seeks to overthrow the governments which support the Catholic Church and are in turn supported by it.

The good-neighbor policy of the Washington government has removed the political barriers that for so many years stood in the way of friendship between the U. S. and the South American countries. Since the Inter-American Conference at Montevideo in 1933 the relations between our government and those to the south have been based upon Washington's pledge not to intervene further in the internal affairs of the South and Central Americas. Even the term *Pan-American* has been dropped for *inter-American*, which indicates free-will cooperation among all the American states, while *Pan-American* had come to mean the relationship of the U. S. on one hand and all the Latin-American republics on the other, as dictated from Wash-

ington. The economic barriers to inter-American friendship and cooperation have been largely removed by the abolishment of dollar diplomacy and by Washington's assurance to the South Americans that the American government will no longer protect American capital in its disputes with the governments of the countries in which it has been invested. By making heavy loans to the southern governments and buying up all of the surplus production which they cannot export to Europe, Washington has won all the countries except Argentina and Chile to our side of the war operations. The relations between our government and those to the south, therefore, are on the most satisfactory basis in the entire history of our country.

This is a tremendous advance. But it is not enough. Friendship between countries must include the friendship and understanding of the people, as well as of the governments. Of all the people with whom the South Americans maintain commercial and political relations, we are the least liked. Shrugging our shoulders and dismissing this dislike as an incurable problem due to the differences in race is being dis-

honest with ourselves. There is a much wider racial barrier between the Latins and the Germans than between the Latins and the Anglo-Saxons, yet the Germans have made themselves well liked throughout the continent. And where on the globe would it be possible to find a wider racial difference than that between the Japanese and the South Americans? Yet the Japanese are liked wherever they have settled in South America, even though the people among whom they live admit their inability to understand the Japanese character and psychology. Only the *Yanquis* really are disliked. And we are going to continue being disliked until we cease treating the South Americans as inferiors and heathen and sending missionaries to save them. If we are sincere in our desire to make the western hemisphere safe for democracy, we must have the real friendship of our South American neighbors. The first and most important step in winning that friendship would be to call home our missionaries and show the South Americans that we recognize them as an educated and civilized people with whom we really desire to be good neighbors.



North Americans may well echo the words of President Taft when he said, "I know the attractiveness of the Spanish American; I know his high-born courtesy; I know his love of art, his poetic nature, his response to generous treatment; and I know how easily he misunderstands the thoughtless bluntness of an Anglo-Saxon diplomacy, and the too frequent lack of regard for the feelings of others, that we have inherited."

From *Behold the West Indies* by Amy Oakley (D. Appleton-Century, 1941).

Ambassador to Spain

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

Historian starts making history

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**

Carlton Hayes, our new ambassador to Spain, is a scholar at the top of his profession, a patriot who served his country as an army captain in the first World War, and a Christian, devoted to his family and his Church.

The scholar-ambassador has a rural background. Born in one of the remote regions of southern New York, he grew up in Afton with a taste for the countryside. It would be too much to assert that he was ever a farmer or country boy. His enjoyment of harvest festivals and winter sleigh rides was always tempered by the discipline of study. Young Hayes was less the acute observer of nature than the omnivorous reader and the reflective student. Even in the elementary schools Carlton showed a desire to compile notes and memoranda on the books he read. Blessed with an excellent memory, he cultivated that passion for accurate statement and quotation that was to be a feature of his later life. In high school he was heard to remark, "The distinction between a comma and a colon may be the difference between truth and error."

By a quaint paradox, religion in the gay 90's was a serious concern of the majority. Piety was most conspicuous among the rural population, living close to the soil and dependent upon the bounty of nature for a livelihood.

Preachers rode circuit; it was the lush age of hard-riding evangelists. Boys and girls in upstate New York flocked with their elders to hear the "full-Gospel" expounded in Chautauqua-like tents.

The youth in Afton was a Baptist, and he took his religion seriously. The Bible was a sacred book in his eyes; Christ was a beloved character. The Golden Rule summed up his obligations: love of God and neighbor involved no complicated code of doctrine. Church attendance was a social as well as a religious duty. Sermons were longer than they are today, but then preachers did not have to compete with automobiles and golf. There were few Catholics in the community and those who did reside in and around Afton had little occasion to discuss their faith with the youthful Carlton. It is also worthy of notice that the boy's adolescent years were occasionally marred by bigotry in the neighborhood. This may have aroused his attention and increased his interest in religion.

Hayes was 18 when he entered Columbia in 1900. His four years in the Liberal Arts college were marked only by the daily grind of study.

In May, 1904, Carlton Hayes, with the Bachelor of Arts degree practically within his grasp, accepted the super-

*141 East 65th St., New York City. June, 1942.

natural grace of the Holy Spirit by embracing the Catholic faith. Historical study was but one factor in this decision. Prior to his reception into the Church, Hayes examined the credentials of Christianity with the same passion for detail that distinguished him in his secular studies. He saw that the Church of the Saviour must be one, holy, catholic, and apostolic. The unifying power of the liturgy impressed him profoundly. He understood that unity must go hand in hand with Christian charity. "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another." Catholic conduct, it seemed to the Columbia University student, embodied this ideal, despite human imperfections and failures. Early in his career, he learned to distinguish between individual Catholics and the vital stream of Catholic tradition, between ecclesiastics and the mystical Body of Christ.

It took Hayes one year to win his Master of Arts degree. From 1905 to 1909 he labored for the doctorate in history. This may seem like an extensive period of study to secure the Ph.D. but Hayes was earning his keep as a part-time lecturer. In a year he became assistant professor, which he remained from 1910 to 1915, improving his teaching technique with every hour in the classroom.

In the first World War, Dr. Hayes had his first taste of military service. He was commissioned a captain in the U. S. army, charged with the development of military intelligence. From 1918 to 1919, he was attached to the

general staff. He contributed a good deal to the Allied victory by his mastery of languages and his rich informational background on the clash of nationalities in Europe.

It should not be imagined that the scholar-professor took his military service lightly. Years afterward, he retained his affiliation with the Officers' Reserve Corps and with the American Legion. Although a past president of the Catholic Association for International Peace, he never fell into the folly of pacifism. National defense was a policy he defended as vigorously in the peace-loving 20's and 30's as in the dive-bombing 40's.

Dr. Hayes was promoted to the rank of associate professor in 1915 and to that of a full professor in 1919. His teaching services ranged from coast to coast, inasmuch as he had short "tours of duty" at the University of Chicago in 1911, at the University of California in 1917 and 1923; he also lectured at Johns Hopkins University in 1930. In 1934, his academic career at Columbia University was crowned by his appointment to the chair of history which bears the name of one of New York's mayors, Seth Low.

Dr. Hayes married Mary Evelyn Carroll of Oswego, N. Y., in 1920. She and her husband are active members of Corpus Christi parish, New York City. The pastor, Father George Barry Ford, knows that he can always depend upon them to carry out any job of Catholic Action that he designates. In the shower of congratulations that greeted President Roosevelt's appoint-

ment of Professor Hayes to the rank of ambassador, one expression of praise probably gave more delight to the new envoy and his wife than any other. This was a note in the *Bulletin* of Corpus Christi parish, which read as follows: "We salute our distinguished parishioner, Prof. Carlton J. H. Hayes, newly appointed ambassador to Spain, and his family on this high honor and responsibility, with the prayerful God-speed of Corpus Christi priests and people, and our confident good wishes for a mission rich in achievement."

It should not be thought that Dr. Hayes has been a spoiled darling of destiny or a scholar with an unbroken record of success. Author of many books, he has produced at least one "dud." This was a volume entitled *A Brief History of the Great War*. Like many another of its kind, published in the early 20's, this synopsis lacked perspective. Another textbook, of which he was the co-author with Dr. Parker Thomas Moon, *Modern History*, was banned in 1930 by the New York board of education as "anti-Protestant, anticapitalistic, internationalistic and unfriendly to democracy." This lengthy criticism was merely a mask for religious prejudice. It takes courage for a historian to "debunk" Macaulay and Froude. Catholics can learn something from the incident, because occasionally some extremist is apt to find fault with the advanced position assumed by Dr. Hayes with respect to social and economic issues. All the fanatics are not in one camp.

On the other hand, it is gratifying

to record that Professor Hayes has made at least two permanent contributions to historical writing: *The Political and Social History of Modern Europe* and *Essays on Nationalism*. Both are classic.

Catholic and non-Catholic institutions of learning have bestowed honorary degrees upon Professor Hayes. The University of Notre Dame took the lead by granting the title Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*, in 1921. Marquette University, recognizing the literary quality of the professor's publications, chose the Doctorate of Human Letters as an appropriate distinction in 1929, while Niagara University duplicated the LL.D. in 1936. Honorary degrees were likewise conferred on Dr. Hayes by Williams College and Columbia University.

Professor Hayes finds time to serve on the board of trustees of the College of New Rochelle and of the National Catholic School of Social Service. He is a member of numerous academies and learned societies, including the American Historical Association, the American Association for Labor Legislation, and the Council of Foreign Relations. His contributions to the professional reviews are regular, and he is a staff member of the *Political Science Quarterly* and an editorial-council adviser of the *Commonweal*.

Another convert to Catholicism, Parker Thomas Moon, was one of the most devoted friends and colleagues of Dr. Hayes. Together, the two scholars collaborated on books and in organizations. Dr. Moon, at first associate pro-

fessor of history at Columbia, became the first occupant of its chair of international relations. His death, at an early age, cast a shadow over the Hayes' home, because the younger professor had been like a brother in the household of the faith. Hayes and Moon is a combination that Columbia will not soon forget.

Professor Hayes in Spain is transformed from the scholar to the man

of action. The chronicler of events has become the maker of history. Religion and patriotism suggest that he is an excellent choice for the post in Madrid. One may conclude with the words of the *New York Times*: "As a Catholic, he will bring a special comprehension to the religious problems that are fundamental to the understanding not only of Spain but of all Latin America."



Charity Astray

An eastern businessmen's luncheon club passed a resolution to curse the Japs always with a "damn" whenever speaking about them. Failure to use that cuss word would bring a 25c fine, to be given to some charity.

The artist, Thomas Hart Benton, has finished a series of spectacular war paintings which dwell sadistically upon the brutality of the nazi-Jap menace in order to arouse the hatred of Americans against their enemies.

Addressing a group of men and women who are to deliver war speeches throughout the country, Clifton Fadiman told his audience that they must hate the nazis and the Japs and get hatred into their voices when they talk.

And there you have three excellent examples of would-be patriotism. Such harebrained thinking is splendid proof of how wars can further unbalance the minds of men.

Battles have been won by hatred but history gives no instance of peace having been won by hatred. Every man, woman and child knows that we are in this war for keeps. This whole-hog battle we are fighting is not only to win the war but also to win the peace which will follow the war.

No one questions the power of hatred. But hatred damages the hater even more than the hatee.

A Christian can hate nazi and Japanese oppression. A Christian can hate injustice. A Christian cannot hate his fellow men.

The Catholic Mirror (June '42).

Starvation in Belgium

By R. ARDENNE

Condensed from a booklet*

The progress of the 19th and 20th centuries is a topic about which much has been written. The marvelous progress in technique, in the exploitation of natural resources, the diffusion of all kinds of facilities, have been described many times. And yet the most important achievement, the greatest human triumph of the 19th century, is rarely spoken about: the conquest of hunger. We are so accustomed to having plenty of food, at least in countries of western civilization, that we take it for granted. We forget that before the 19th century, hunger, or at least food shortage, was a frequent phenomenon even in advanced countries. Scarcity was the rule, not the exception.

In the occupied countries people rediscover the old truth that food is the primordial need of man. When food is lacking all other anxieties seem of minor importance.

With the exception of vegetables and fruits, all food, as well as other consumption goods, is rationed in Belgium. Farmers and processors must deliver their products to the authorities or to specified traders. At the beginning of each month the Department of Agriculture and Supplies determines the quantity of each food to be allocated to the population. These are the so-called legal or "theoretical" ra-

tions—theoretical because they are often greater than those actually delivered to the consumer. For instance, the *monthly* legal ration for December, 1941, for the normal consumer, was fixed at 15.6 pounds of bread (7.9 ounces per day), 34.1 pounds of potatoes, 2.4 pounds of meat (1.3 ounces per day), 7.1 ounces of butter, 8.86 ounces of margarine, 2.2 pounds of sugar, 7.9 ounces of artificial honey (a kind of molasses, by-product of sugar refining), 7.9 ounces of jam, 4.4 ounces of oatmeal, 1.8 ounces of pudding powder, and 1.8 ounces of roasted rye.

But it must be emphasized that these are the theoretical rations. In practice some kinds of food are distributed regularly (bread or sugar, for instance): others, such as meat, butter, even potatoes, are often lacking in the shops. The official rulings themselves often contain directions about the "unused" coupons for which consumers have been unable to obtain the specified goods. For instance, the rulings for September, 1941, granted 1.8 ounces of bread for 30 unused potato coupons, corresponding to a five months' supply of potatoes. The "unused" coupon is not only a topic of daily conversation, but is also often discussed in the papers.

The average daily consumption of bread before the war was 15.8 ounces

*German Exploitation of Belgium. 1942. *The Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C.* 65 pp. 50c.

as against the 7.9-ounce ration today. (In 1914-18 the average daily ration amounted to 10.6 ounces.) Before the war also, Belgian bread was entirely of wheat and of high quality. At present, bread must contain at least 30% rye and some proportion of potato flour or other substitutes. Bread is very inferior and its nutritive quality much reduced.

The average daily consumption of meat before the war was 3.8 ounces, compared with the present theoretical ration of 1.3 ounces. The prewar average daily consumption of fats was 1.5 ounces as against the present highly theoretical ration of 0.5 ounces (butter and margarine together).

The gravity of the food situation can best be judged by general figures. Biologists and physicians ordinarily consider a daily food ration of 2,300 calories as the minimum necessary for the average individual. Before 1940 the average consumption in Belgium amounted to 2,725 calories. Some reduction in the consumption could then be practiced without harm. But the legal ration in 1941 fluctuated generally around 1,350 calories, and the ration actually obtained by the inhabitants of the cities and towns amounted last summer to only about 1,000 calories, or about 40% of the prewar figure. The situation was better in the country.

Those who can, buy additional food on the black market, but black-market prices are prohibitive for large sections of the population. Belgian and German authorities tried in the beginning to freeze wages and salaries at their pre-

invasion level, but the increase in living costs brought on demonstrations and strikes. In May, 1941, Belgian authorities prescribed an increase of 8% in all wages and salaries. Later, wages were fixed by categories. For instance, workers in the building industries obtained raises of between 8% and 13%. Coal miners obtained increases reaching 24% in some cases.

Even the legal prices for some foods, however, have increased much more than 24%. Up to the middle of last winter, the suffering of the rich classes and the upper middle class was not extreme. As we go down in the income scale, however, we encounter more and more misery, pain and hardship.

All information† coming from Belgium, particularly the medical reports of the Red Cross and of the Relief Organization, depicts the situation as really tragic for those with low incomes, that is, for the majority of the population. The hardship is especially felt by young people, who require particularly abundant rations of meat, fats and other products which are very scarce.

The physiological effects are already clearly noticed by physicians, teachers, and others in touch with the young. Numerous inquiries reveal a reduction in normal growth of young people and in some cases a diminution of their weight. Clinics have reported numerous cases of adolescents losing from 11 to 13 pounds in the last months of 1941, whereas in normal times the average annual increase in weight of Belgian children between 12 and 18 years.

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Aug. '41, p. 24.

of age varies from nine to 12 pounds. Teachers complain of the lack of vitality and general apathy of their pupils. Very often the children become sick or faint in school.

Nor are these phenomena limited to young people; physicians notice a generalized emaciation and reduction in weight. Anemia, scurvy, dermatitis, eye infections are becoming prevalent. The scourge of tuberculosis is spreading. A reduction in the birth rate and an increase in the death rate is manifest. In 1939 the birth rate was 1.6 and the death rate 1.4 per 100. In the middle of 1941 the relation between rates was inverted, the birth rate being 0.9 per 100 and the death rate 1.7.

It sometimes happens that a report of a minor circumstance is as revealing as extended statistics. Last summer the Belgian Federation of Lawn Tennis modified its rules for tournaments. Owing to the fact that the players do not have the same strength as before,

it was decided to reduce the exertion required by the sport. Henceforth the "best of five" will no longer be played; the issue will be decided after the third set. For women and for juniors of 18 years or less, "long" sets are prohibited. After the first set there will be a three-minute rest, after the second set a five-minute rest.

Tennis players are not generally recruited from among the poor sections of the population, especially on the Continent. We must suppose consequently that physical deterioration has progressed even among the relatively "well-to-do" classes. The lot of the poor groups must, therefore, be much worse.

The destructions and material losses resulting from the invasion are tremendous and painful. Yet the worst results of the conquest are not in the purely economic field. The health of an entire population, especially the youth, is in grave jeopardy.

Purposive Puns

The reason some people take a bath on Saturday night is because they can sleep late on Sunday and recover from it.

Yes, and lots of churchgoers come late and with too little.

Buy nest eggs of War Bonds and let Uncle Sam use the shells on Japan.

One thing about an end-seat hog—he may be a big ham but he's seldom cured.

Steel becomes soft and man becomes hard when they lose their temper.

And when cowboys die now, it's usually with their boots on the gas.

Looks like Hitler and we plain Americans are both losing the fight for more oil.

From Fore and Aft by Joseph J. Quinn in the Southwest Courier.

Should They Marry?

His solemn word

By JOHN S. MIX, C.R.

Condensed from the *Cantian**

Should young people marry when the man must soon leave for the army? Or should they simply "break up"? It is true that someone must make a sacrifice in any case. A compromise in this matter is most desirable and the only feasible solution.

The Catholic Church offers a splendid solution: a solemn formal engagement with the promise of marriage. This consists of a mutual promise of future marriage between persons who may marry lawfully. It has the solidity of a bilateral contract demanding a serious, voluntary, and deliberate intention of keeping the agreement. An emotional "Do you promise to marry me?" or just any kind of expression of a wish by a man to make the girl his wife does not make a betrothal, as a solemn engagement is called. It must be voluntary; grave fear would invalidate an engagement to marry. The promise must be deliberate, made with full knowledge of and advertence to the serious step which is being taken.

It is not sufficient for the woman to accept the ring from her fiance and consent to marry him. Their mutual consent must be expressed in writing, signed by the contracting persons and the pastor and at least two witnesses. For the validity of the contract, canon law (canon 1017) demands besides, if one or both are unable to write, that

this be noted, and that a third witness sign the contract. Finally, the written contract must be dated and show the place where it was made.

The contracting parties may even be represented by proxy. This is also permitted in marriage under rules laid down by canon law. In fact, it is a general principle that all contracts or other transactions which a person has a right to conclude may be made by proxy unless the law insists on personal action.

Once the betrothals are contracted, the engaged couple is under a grave obligation in justice to fulfill the engagement. They must marry at the time mutually agreed upon, or as soon as possible thereafter. This engagement gives them no right over each other's body; it places them under a special obligation to live chastely, and if either commits a sin of impurity with a third person the sin has a special malice because of the violation of the fidelity owed to the betrothed.

Engagement to one person prevents a valid engagement to another as long as the former tie lasts, for a promise to do what is unlawful has no binding force. If, however, one of the betrothed marries someone else, the marriage will be valid, but illicit. Betrothal is only a prohibitory, not an absolutely nullifying, impediment to marriage.

An engagement can be dissolved or.

*3689 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. June, 1942.

broken in many ways and for many reasons. Mutual free consent to terminate the contract ends the engagement; so also does any circumstance of importance previously not detected which would have prevented the contract being entered into. An ungovernable temper, or great debt, or if one finds the other given to drink, or if the other becomes afflicted with a disease like tuberculosis or paralysis; these and similar reasons permit the innocent one to break the contract. Fornication committed by one of the persons frees the other. Should one decide to enter a Religious Order, or to take sacred orders, or even to live in the world under a perpetual vow of chastity, that person has the right to break off the engagement. The Pope may for a just cause grant a dispensation. If one of the engaged persons leaves the city without the knowledge or consent of the other, and the distance is such as to prohibit the keeping of their usual "dates," the abandoned party is free to break off the engagement. (This would hardly apply in an engagement between a man in the armed forces and the fiancée he was forced to leave behind; such engagements are as a rule conditional: "upon my return from the army.")

The engaged couple does not enjoy the rights of married people, and if they attempt to use them they are guilty of sin against the 6th commandment. However, they are permitted to be in each other's company more frequently than if not betrothed, in order to become better acquainted with each

other; and they are justified in showing to each other those marks of affection which are not wrong in themselves and which certain circumstances permit.

This particular kind of engagement is unknown to the average Catholic. But it would solve many a difficulty today, when couples are being separated, and the girl, fearing that her lover might become interested in someone else, decides to marry him before he is inducted into the army. She does not realize what a chance she is taking. Will her marriage to him prevent his acting wrongly if he decides to, any more than a solemn engagement will? It is true that a husband belongs to a woman entirely, whereas a fiancé does not (at least not in the same sense as in marriage); but a husband can prove just as unfaithful as a fiancé, if he has a mind to be disloyal.

And how many anxious hours does a young war bride spend yearning for the intimate company of her absent husband, while the latter tries to forgive himself for having "tied down" the girl he left behind. He worries about her and she about him; neither one has much happiness. A solemn betrothal, if properly understood, presents a happy solution. If young people enter into this contract with all the seriousness that its dignity demands, they will feel that they are bound to each other by stronger ties than those of mere friendship, and they have the same assurance of honorable fidelity to each other that marriage itself would have given them.

Murder in the Kitchen

The case of the slain vitamin

By BRUCE BLIVEN

Condensed from *Parents' Magazine**

In the American scheme of things, the vegetable is lowly. If libel were the only wrong done the vegetable, I—and eminent scientists—would be content to let it go at that. But the charge is a good deal more serious. It is nothing short of cold-blooded murder. And it is being committed, not by the vegetable's enemies, or by violently anti-spinach youth groups, but Brutus fashion, by some of the most ardent of its professed admirers. The accused is the American housewife; the lethal chamber is the kitchen stove.

Whatever else you like in your diet, your health would benefit, if you are average, from eating about twice as many vegetables as you do. Diet-minded mothers know this. Nutrition experts are so evangelically sure of it that they have launched a country-wide campaign, through the Office of Defense Health, to tell the story of vegetables to the nation.

This is not mere cult fanaticism, but a response to a grim national emergency. At least a sixth of all selective-service rejections are traceable to dietary lacks. In war industries, the same deficiencies lost us enough man-days in a single month to build 448 bombers or 3,200 tanks. Schools have reported the same story ever since medical records were kept. These are only samplings, but they show conclusively that

our country is suffering from basic inadequacies in its diet.

The essentials of good diet are so simple and have been so widely publicized that almost everybody who can read knows them. Yet we come to a fact which will dismay a good many housewives who thought they were being dutifully attentive to the needs of a proper diet. Doctors and dietitians agree that many housewives are buying and serving all the vegetable items a good diet demands—and still have undernourished families! During preparation, up to 80% of the vegetables' essential vitamins and minerals have been removed.

Take, as an example, the sweet potato, which is an excellent source of nourishment as it comes from the garden. Suppose the housewife, following a widespread kitchen practice, peels the potato, cuts it up, covers it with water, boils it, then mashes it. What has happened, during this assault?

Leaving aside all the other forms of maltreatment for the moment, consider the single step of boiling. When you boil a sweet potato, you remove nearly half of its assimilable phosphorus, which is needed in building sound bones and teeth. You take out half the magnesium; a third of the iron, essential in building red blood and warding off anemia; and about 40% of the cal-

*52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City. May, 1942.

cium, a main constituent of the body's bone structure.

This is only one of your crimes. To start with, you peeled the vegetable—thus, to quote Dr. Charles Mayo of the Mayo Clinic, “throwing away the part containing the most plentiful amount of mineral salts.” You robbed it of an important part of its nutriment before it even reached the kitchen stove!

But your attacks are not yet ended—now you must mash it! In doing so, you expose its pulp to the air, oxidizing a large part of those vitamins not already boiled out or peeled away. By the time you have finished, you might almost as well have served your family a good helping of library paste.

Among the patients in the waiting room of a fashionable New York doctor I recently saw a well-dressed little boy, in the care of a governess. The doctor told me the boy was suffering from a dietary deficiency. In spite of the wealth of the family, in spite of a heavily-laden table, the boy wasn't getting enough nourishment. Such cases are not uncommon, and for every one that reaches a doctor's office a hundred drag themselves through life at half speed. There are even wealthy homes with a diet less satisfactory than that of a poverty-stricken African Swahili or a Chinese coolie.

Food *can* be cooked without serious loss of vitamins and minerals. And it is not difficult. Besides being more nourishing, properly cooked food is more palatable. You will have less trouble with the member of the family who “doesn't like vegetables” when the fla-

vors of mineral salts and vegetable sugars are preserved. It may not always be possible to provide your family with an ideal menu, but you can extract maximum nourishment from whatever menu you do provide.

Much of our knowledge of the harm done in cooking dates back to a historic series of experiments made a few years ago by W. W. Peterson and C. A. Hoppert at the University of Wisconsin's Department of Agricultural Chemistry. They set out to discover just what happens when vegetables are cooked. It was discovered that the greatest damage to nutritive elements is caused by boiling. The longer the boiling, and the more water used, the worse the result. The reason is clear. Most minerals, to be useful to the human body, must be in soluble form. Therefore boiling water can remove them. Much the same thing is true of vitamins. They are chemical compounds of complicated and unstable structure, and most of them are affected disastrously by heat.

These studies showed that on the average, half the iron, about 45% of the phosphorus and magnesium, and more than 30% of the calcium is lost in boiling. Some vegetables lose much more. Cabbage drops about 70% of its magnesium and calcium and 60% of its phosphorus.

Like the minerals, nearly all the vitamins are injured by heat and water. Especially subject to damage are thiamin chloride (vitamin B₁), the appetite and nerve-control vitamin; riboflavin (vitamin B₂ or G), essential to

growth and bodily vigor; nicotinic acid (now called niacin), the antipellagra vitamin; and ascorbic acid (vitamin C), which helps build bones and teeth and prevents scurvy.

Of the four methods of cooking tested — stewing, boiling, steaming, and pressure cooking — the last two are much the best in preserving vitamins and minerals. They use less water, a lower temperature and a more rapid process, with less opportunity for damaging the perishable essentials. No wonder dietitians say that, if you are going to boil your vegetables, you would do better to throw the vegetables away and drink the water they were cooked in!

Bearing in mind the principles expounded by the experts, it is simple to draw up a set of rules:

1. In cooking, use no more heat than is necessary to make the food palatable. Do not cook any food too long. It is better to have food slightly underdone than overdone.

2. Use as little water as possible. Bring it to a boil quickly, and turn off the fire as soon as the food is done. With a thick-walled pot and a low flame, vegetables and fruits can be cooked without any water at all. There is enough metal to absorb the heat where it is applied and distribute it over the entire pot, so that it never gets hot enough at any one point to scorch the food. If you can't get a thick-walled pot, steam your vegetables. Put a little water in the bottom and cook the rest by the steam generated from it. That will mean a little added vigilance, but

it will be worth the trouble in terms of family nutrition. Save the water in which food has been steamed or boiled, and use it for soups or gravies.

3. Whenever possible, avoid peeling potatoes, fruits and vegetables. The German army has, with good reason, ordered that potatoes for their soldiers be served in the jackets. When peeling seems imperative, do it after cooking.

4. Oxygen has a deleterious effect on some nutritive elements. Therefore, prepare chopped fruit and vegetable salads at the last possible moment, use the chopping knife sparingly, and don't leave lettuce long exposed to air. Try not to stir air into cooking food.

5. Don't use soda in cooking green vegetables; it increases the harmful effect of air on some of the vitamins.

6. Don't let milk stand in the sun; its vitamins deteriorate.

7. Never throw away the liquid from cans of prepared foods. And remember that quick-frozen foods deteriorate after being thawed; toss them, frozen, into the pot.

8. In cooking meats, the less heat you can use, and the shorter the cooking time, the better. Rare meat is more nourishing than that well done. Pork, an exception, should always be thoroughly cooked (to avert trichinosis). Use water as sparingly as possible.

9. Shop wisely. Proper cooking does not absolve us from selecting our foods intelligently.

If the American housewife would follow these simple cooking rules, the improvement in our national health and vigor would be enormous.

The Vatican Resists Pressure

By CAMILLE M. CIANFARRA

Condensed from the New York Times*

Since Italy's intervention in the war the relations between the Vatican and the fascist government have become increasingly strained as the result of Premier Benito Mussolini's policy of curbing the temporal activity of the Pope. Many important clauses of the 1929 Lateran Treaty between the Holy See and Italy that were drawn with the specific aim of safeguarding the temporal independence of the Pontiff were systematically violated when they did not fit in with Signor Mussolini's plans.

The geographical position of tiny Vatican City, in the heart of Italian territory, makes this policy easy to pursue. Signor Mussolini has many means with which to disturb the temporal life of the tiny state and is taking full advantage of them to apply pressure to the Pontiff in an effort to win moral support for the Axis.

When Italy and Germany invaded Yugoslavia in April, 1941, the Yugoslav minister to the Holy See was ordered to leave Italy. He protested that he intended to take up residence in the Vatican where quarters were already being prepared for him. He pointed out that an article of the concordat clearly specified that members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See might reside within the Vatican grounds. In reply, the Italian govern-

ment ordered him to leave Italy within 24 hours. A strong protest by the papal secretariat of state failed to alter this decision.

Another example of fascist tactics occurred soon after Italy's intervention in the war. The Vatican newspaper *Osservatore Romano* was limited by Signor Mussolini almost exclusively to religious news. The fault of that newspaper, in the eyes of fascisti, was the printing of impartial dispatches which, by their very fairness, contradicted those appearing in the Italian press.

For a few days the *Osservatore Romano* continued its editorial policy of absolute impartiality. As a result, every issue was seized as soon as it came out, and Italians who asked for it at newsstands found waiting Blackshirts who clubbed them on the charge of being traitors.

The Church has been humiliated in Italy, its clergy having the alternatives of cooperating with the fascisti or going to concentration camps. Scores of parish priests are now in such camps or in jail as "defeatists" because they refused to support the fascist warlike propaganda and insisted on preaching peace and forgiveness instead of hatred, as Signor Mussolini had ordered.

The situation has become worse in the past year, or, to be exact, since August, 1941, when Pope Pius refused

*New York City. June 4, 1942.

to come out in favor of the Axis war against bolshevist Russia. Signor Mussolini suggested that the Pontiff sanction what the fascist press termed the "Christian crusade against the Russian atheists." Pope Pius, however, refused to commit himself. His silence showed more significantly than anything else up to that time the grave concern of the Church over a possible nazi victory in Europe.

As a result, the Vatican is now regarded as an enemy by the Axis. Its representatives are watched as closely as the agents of a hostile power. Italian spies are inside the Vatican grounds and report to the OVRA (Italian secret police) on the activities of residents. The Pope has been compelled to adopt a rationing system, Vatican mail is being censored and Italians who have any contact with the Vatican personnel are shadowed and questioned.

An open breach between Italy and the Holy See has been avoided by the fact that the Catholic Church always tries to compromise on temporal questions as long as the tenets of the faith are not menaced, and because Signor Mussolini is fully aware of the worldwide moral power of the Church.

Official and unofficial Vatican circles have been making it increasingly clear, as the war progresses, that the Church sees in a democratic victory over the totalitarian states its only chance of avoiding an era of persecution. In many of his speeches Pope Pius has left no doubt as to what he regards as the "evil forces" of the world. He has not, of course, come out openly in favor of

an Anglo-American victory, but those who can read between the lines have now a clear idea of his attitude.

The *Osservatore Romano* recently printed a series of articles illustrating the Pontiff's ideas for "a just and permanent peace" which may be regarded as official, in view of the fact that they were written in accordance with instructions issued by the papal secretariat of state.

As Italy is about to enter her third war year, the ideological conflict between the Italian ruling class and the national clergy is becoming more apparent. Although highly patriotic, the Italian priest regards fascism as a natural enemy of the Church because of its subservience to and alliance with neopagan nazism.

The clergy know that, should the Axis win the war, the Church will be dealt with by the conquerors as an enemy. They believe that the spreading of the Catholic faith and the survival of the Church come before patriotic feeling, and though polite toward the lay authorities, they confine their mission mainly to alleviating the sufferings of the masses.

The priest's mission is made easier by the fact that the majority of the people have shown no enthusiasm for Italy's participation in the war. After years of conflict in Ethiopia and Spain, the Italians felt a strong desire for peace.

This attitude is still prevalent. It explains the apathy of the army, the "civil disobedience" at home, and why Signor Mussolini was forced in one of

his speeches to advocate a policy of hatred. The priest who preaches peace is regarded as a friend by the masses.

Unlike the situation during the first World War, the Vatican today has means with which to make its attitude clear throughout the Catholic world. Pope Pius XII is able through the Vatican radio to speak directly to all Catholics.

Pope Pius's moral influence over the Italian people is greater today than at any other time during his pontificate. Copies of his utterances advocating peace and a new world order sell by the hundreds of thousands. The popular interest is so great that the *Osservatore Romano*, with its forcibly limited circulation, has been found inadequate.

To remedy this situation, a number of parish priests decided to publish a sheet they called the *Parola del Papa* [*Word of the Pope*]. This small newspaper, which appears only when the Pope makes a speech, started a year ago with a circulation of 5,000 copies. Today it has reached a circulation of about 200,000 and is expected to top the half-million mark before the end of 1942.

The *Parola del Papa* is sent to parish priests through Italy, who distribute it among the faithful. In this way the masses have been kept fully informed of the activity of the Pope, and the favorable reaction of the people to his entreaties for world peace has given the Church an accurate picture of the national feeling toward the conflict. Petty fascist underlings in small provincial towns and villages have attempted

to stop the distribution of this newspaper.

The Vatican has repeatedly protested against arrests of priests as "defeatists." It considered this an arbitrary action on the part of the fascist government, basing its arguments on the 1929 Lateran Treaty. These protests have gone unheeded.

This and many other instances of flagrant violation of the concordats, both in Italy and in Germany, are responsible for the feeling among the Italian clergy that only a peace dictated by a victorious U. S. will enable the Church to carry on its mission unimpeded throughout the Catholic world. This belief is strengthened by the knowledge of the satisfactory way in which the Church is thriving in the U. S., as contrasted with conditions in the Axis countries.

"The Church regards naziism as its real enemy," a high Vatican prelate—who cannot be further identified for obvious reasons—said to me. "Atheist bolshevism is less preoccupying for the reason that, although it has forcibly eliminated God, man cannot live without believing in a superior being. On the other hand, naziism has replaced God with a pagan theory which, though it does not meet his spiritual needs, yet gives him something to look up to.

"When the time of reconstruction comes it will be more difficult for the Church to eradicate the false neopagan theory of the nazis from the consciousness of the masses than to instill in the soul of the atheist the belief in God,

for this belief will answer a natural craving of man's soul, while the neopagan masses may not feel it equally strongly."

The Italian clergy, he continued, who are aware of this danger, advo-

cate victory in sermons and preachings, but are always careful to specify "a victory for the common good"—that is, for the good of Christianity. This, he said, would not obtain in the event of an Axis victory.



Ice Water

Dr. Seabury's face showed no emotion; it only seemed a little more tired as he straightened up from the bed of his patient.

"Well, doctor, what is the verdict?" the boy's father asked. The doctor hesitated an instant.

"The boy doesn't look so good to me. We ought to operate in a few days, but in his anemic condition, the chances of his pulling through wouldn't be so high." The man paled, and his face worked with pain.

"But, doctor, you don't think—it isn't possible—that he may die, is it? He's our only child. We *can't* lose him." The man's voice broke; he wrung his hands.

"Brace up, man," said the doctor, almost brusquely. "It's better for you to face the facts. I'll do my best to save him, but—"

"He's our only child, I tell you! Can't you realize that? Haven't you got a heart at all?" The man's voice rose higher, and he clutched the doctor's arm appealingly. The doctor said nothing.

Later, one nurse said to another confidentially, "Old Seabury must have ice water in his veins for blood. Sometimes I wonder if that man is human."

"I don't think he is," said her friend. "I've worked on a good many of his cases, and I've never seen him any different. I bet he could operate on his own mother, and not bat an eye if she died under the knife."

Dr. Seabury left the hospital and drove slowly to his downtown office, went in and locked the door behind him. On his desk was a letter, already opened. He took it slowly from the envelope, and read it again, although its words had already burned themselves into his mind:

"It is with deepest regret that we inform you of your son's death in action during the final day of fighting on Corregidor Island. . . ."

The doctor folded his arms upon the desk, and bowed his head upon them. No sound came. For a moment he remained thus; then going to the door of the waiting room, he opened it, and said to his secretary with quite unnecessary brusqueness, "All right, Miss Brown. Send in the first patient."

Fleet Chaplain's Report

By CHAPLAIN WILLIAM A. MAGUIRE, U.S.N.

Eyewitness report

Condensed from a radio address*

It was Sunday, a little before eight o'clock, that memorable morning of Dec. 7 of last year. My yeoman, Joseph Workman, who usually carries my Mass kit and helps rig for Church, stood near me on the Officers' Club landing at Pearl Harbor. We were waiting for a motorboat to take us to the flagship where I was scheduled to hear confessions at 8:30 and to offer Mass on the forecastle at nine o'clock.

As we stood there in the cool of the stiff trade winds, admiring the perfection of that typical Hawaiian morning, the varied hues of the green of the forests and plantation fields delighted the eye.

Our motorboat was approaching the landing. Just then I spied a squadron of carrier planes diving vertically from the clouds and pulling out close to the masts of the ships moored to one of the navy yard's wharves. They resembled our own planes and were attacking in a manner I had often seen in similar operations at sea. Although bomb-shaped objects were whistling from the sky, I thought they were dummies and that this was nothing more than a well-executed sham battle. Before the bombs exploded, a plane zoomed out of the sun over my right shoulder. It was painted an ugly mustard color and it carried a steel torpedo that glistened in the morning sun. That plane leveled

off about 20 feet above Pearl Harbor and headed for the battleship *Oklahoma*, dropped the torpedo and pulled up sharply, just in time to avoid crashing into the ship's superstructure. Little did I dream that the ship which that torpedo hit would become the death trap of my friend and fellow priest, Chaplain Aloysius Schmitt. Nor did it then seem possible that another friend, Chaplain Thomas Kirkpatrick, who was slated to relieve me as fleet chaplain, would give his life that morning in the attack on the battleship *Arizona*.

Following instantly came another plane, then others, each carrying torpedoes. It was then we discovered the round patch of blood red on the fuselage, instead of our own white-star marking. We heard the deafening din of the exploding bombs and torpedoes. Near the ships, great columns of water shot high into the air. This crude declaration of war made me strangely sick. All I could say was, "We're in it. We're in it."

The first wave of enemy planes had now passed over, so we quickly stepped aboard the motorboat. I ordered the coxswain to make the gangway of a destroyer which was moored to a dock close by. The men in the motorboat were cool, especially young Workman, although they found appropriate words

**The Catholic Hour. From Honolulu, T. H. May 24, 1942.*

to express what they thought of the Japs and their treachery. One of the sailors in the boat, half to himself, remarked, "By George, we'll make 'em pay for this."

In a few minutes we were alongside the destroyer, and we climbed aboard. A young lieutenant in dungarees met us at the gangway. The antiaircraft batteries of the ships were now blazing away at the enemy. The men of the destroyer were quickly manning their guns. The lieutenant asked me quite calmly to keep the crew of our motorboat under cover. Shrapnel and bomb splinters were falling, and we had come without what the boys call our "tin hats." A moment later the young officer, realizing perhaps that my gold shoulder marks and white uniform might draw the enemy's fire, kindly gave me an old raincoat to wear.

The roar of our guns, added to the explosions of the Jap bombs, torpedoes and machine guns, rent the air. Fires had now started, and high overhead, through the dense black smoke, and above the tracer bullets of our batteries, I could see more Jap high-altitude bombers, in groups of five. It was then that my mouth became so dry that I could hardly speak. I had never before been affected that way. But the sensation quickly passed, and I felt initiated into this modern three-dimensional warfare. The coolness of the young sailors who made up our party was deeply impressive. The lads were eager to be at the guns.

The second wave of torpedo planes zoomed close to us. They were now

meeting effective competition. My yeoman pointed out a diving plane that had dropped its torpedo prematurely. The pilot tried to get away from the inferno of our gunfire. He was about 30 feet above the water of the harbor when our destroyer men scored a direct hit. The Jap plane exploded in a great flash; wreckage of the wings and fuselage covered the water near by. Some of the men in my charge were all for retrieving the pieces for souvenirs, to send home. This may have been their boyish way of showing they had no fear.

In order to get a better view of the battle, I crossed the deck to the starboard side. Two sailors standing on the dock shouted to me. Unable to hear them, I waved them aboard. One of them exclaimed, "Sir, our ship is out of commission—bein' overhauled. We're gunners. We want to help." In a jiffy they reported to the officer of the deck and quickly joined the crew of a sky gun.

The young lieutenant again came to me and said he would soon get the ship under way. He added, however, that he would not cast off before telling me. I knew there must be work for me in my own ship, so I made plans to get there as quickly as possible.

Hoping we had seen the last of the torpedo planes, I decided to take a chance and cross the path they had followed. I ordered the crew into the motorboat, and we climbed aboard for a quick run across the whitecaps of Pearl Harbor. The air was filled with

denser smoke now, and the guns roared more loudly as we plunged ahead.

When we got to the gangway we found that our battleship which was in the midst of the fight was still heavily engaged, especially her anti-aircraft batteries. At one of the guns, the crew kept firing at the enemy planes until the platform buckled under them from the heat of a fire that had started beneath them.

There was no confusion on deck; men worked grimly at their tasks. I went below where I found my shipmates manning their battle stations. There would be no Mass for them that morning. Hospital corpsmen were going about quietly, giving first aid. On the wardroom deck many wounded lay patiently still. In one of the larger cabins I found several more wounded men; they said they were comfortable. To many there and on topside, I gave absolution. From the magazines below decks, a steady stream of seamen, grimy with sweat and smeared with oil, carried boxes of ammunition to the hatchways and up the ladders to the guns.

About an hour later, orders came to remove the wounded by boat to the air-station dispensary. Here the crew again demonstrated the meaning of the word shipmate. Each man was more interested in the other fellow than in his own wounds. Where I was, there were but few men free to help carry the wounded up the ladders—the wounded helped one another.

We placed them gently in boats

for the short run to Ford Island. At that time my job was to care for the men that left the ship in a motor whaleboat. We made the trip through the oil-covered water, to the dock near the dispensary. On our second return to the ship we were held up by a barrier of burning oil on the water. It drove us to the beach where we waded ashore through the oily muck.

Realizing that our wounded by this time had been removed from the ship, I went to the dispensary and attended the dying. When the wards and passageways became filled, hundreds of wounded from the other ships were carried to the Marine barracks close by. They were laid on the tables of the mess hall. On several occasions, when a man lying on a table saw another who he thought was worse off than himself, he would exclaim, "Take me down; put him up here. I'm all right." Others who were able to stand, pleaded, "I'm O.K., take me back to my ship. Let me get back to my gun." Doctors and corpsmen and volunteer nurses (who were officers' wives) did marvelous work in that hall of pain.

With my other yeoman, Lee Durbin, I made a hurried trip by whaleboat to the hospital in the navy yard to arrange for the evacuation of the most seriously wounded to the main hospital. While there I saw Father Thomas J. Odium of St. Louis, Mo., one of the younger chaplains. For hours he had been attending the dying. Knowing that he would administer the sacraments to any Catholic men I might have missed in the Marine barracks,

I returned to Ford Island and stayed with the wounded. By sunset our wounded were all under the care of doctors and nurses in three hospitals across the harbor.

That was the Pearl Harbor tragedy as I saw it. It is not a pleasant story. My best reason for recalling it is to tell you of the supreme heroism your boys showed on that day. Your sons and your daughters, whether they were soldiers, sailors, marines, nurses, or wives of our officers and men, gave proof for all time that they are made of stern stuff, that they are equal to the painful challenge of this "survival war." We buried our dead with full religious and military honors. Our priests blessed the graves; a minister and a rabbi conducted religious services for the men of their faiths. They lie in well-kept graves at Nuuanu cemetery and at a new cemetery at Halawa, not far from Pearl Harbor.

Now for the brighter side of the story. It does my heart good to be able to tell you that your boys have entered upon their difficult tasks with enthusiasm and cheerfulness. When they return from patrol, convoy or other duties at sea, following a thrilling adventure, they are quick to recover from the rigors of warship life. You would realize this if you could see them strolling in the streets and parks of Honolulu, or boarding a bus for the beach at Waikiki. There is not much they are permitted to talk about for fear the walls might have ears; but they will tell you of the fine sportsmanship and spirit of the men on board, that the

chow was good on the long cruise, and that they were well repaid for every discomfort when their ship got its chance to hit the enemy.

Officers are eloquent in praise of their men, regulars and reserves. The enlisted men are equally anxious to tell you about their officers. A chaplain of one of our cruisers (my old ship), a ship that had always enjoyed the distinction of being called a "home," has told me that since the recent encounters with the enemy, the ship's company of officers and men has become "one big family."

A few days ago I spoke with the commanding officer of one of our heavy cruisers. His ship had been 75 days at sea; they met the enemy and seriously hurt him. Toward the end of their long and trying mission, when it became necessary to ration food, the men did not seem to mind. The captain said that during the last week at sea, after supper, the crew sang so loudly that it startled him. But it made him smile; he admired their high spirit.

I know a destroyer captain who, when his ship was at sea the night before an attack upon Jap bases, sent for his Catholic quartermaster and said, "'Ski,' we meet the enemy at dawn. Take this St. Christopher medal and sew it in this new commission pennant. In the morning watch, hoist it to the masthead, and ask St. Christopher to save us all from harm." God answered their prayers. Before putting to sea on that mission, the same captain took his Catholic men to one of the larger ships

where a priest offered Mass for them. All the members of the party received Holy Communion. This captain walks daily through his ship and cheerfully discusses with them the battles to be fought and won. No wonder his men like him.

This war has brought Catholic and Protestant shipmates closer to God. The former's attendance at holy Mass, and the latter's at divine services conducted by our zealous Protestant chaplains, attest that all of our men sense the spiritual aims for which they are fighting. When they put to sea on their perilous missions they have the priest

and the minister on board with them, to strengthen their courage—a courage born of faith in Jesus Christ.

Your boys are splendid, brave fellows. In all my 25 years of service in navy ships, I have admired the American man-o'-war's men. And now, after what I have lately seen of your boys under fire, I am convinced that they are clean fighters, endowed with love of God and country, healthy, strong and determined to do their noble best in order that you, and all their loved ones, may share with them the glory of victory and peace, with the blessing of almighty God.



Air-Raid Precautions

1. If your conscience is not in order, go to Confession. Once the enemy planes are overhead, it is too late.
2. Further, keep your soul from mortal sin; the bombs don't care if you are ready to die or not.
3. Recall the Church's teaching on perfect contrition. Failing an opportunity for Confession, perfect contrition secures pardon for all mortal sins. Learn a simple formula by heart for emergencies, when no priest is at hand: "O my God, I am very sorry that I have sinned against Thee, because Thou art all good. I will never sin again."
4. Have always some holy water ready in the house and sprinkle it when the air-raid alarm sounds. This act is symbolic of your appreciation of the Church's prayer that whatever this water touches may be protected.
5. Remember that your fate is in the hands of God, your loving Father in heaven, who commissions His angels to watch over you. This thought gives strength and calm and makes you ready to take from God's hands whatever He will provide.

Zealandia (30 April '42).

Check Your Brains Outside

Message to mediums

By RICHARD GINDER

Condensed from *Columbia**

There are not many people nowadays so naive as to put any stock in horseshoes, rabbits' feet, and four-leaf clovers. But a multitude of dream-books, horoscopes, and publications pretending to tell future events have lately made their appearance on the newsstands, showing clearly that, as Barnum estimated, suckers are still being born at the rate of one a minute, with a crew of unscrupulous sharpers standing by to exploit their superstition.

This present epidemic is due to the war. Anxious relatives of boys in the service are tempted to look for consolation in (bogus) prophecies that the war will end in one, six, or 12 months—or in horoscopes which assure them that good luck will be theirs, that no calamities will befall them, and that they will end their days in peace and prosperity.

As the war goes on and casualty lists mount, we shall see an increase in spiritism. Those close to men who have been killed in the service will seek out mediums and attend séances with the futile idea of getting in actual, physical contact with their beloved dead. This unfortunate phenomenon became so widespread during the first World War that the Church, on April 24, 1917, pronounced it a mortal sin for a Catholic to have anything to do with

a séance, for any reason whatsoever. One may not go even out of mere curiosity.

Why? Because, although most séances are fakes, the setup is one which invites the devil. The people in attendance are in a receptive mood and the medium is usually an unprincipled person, a swindler, absolutely unfit for the guidance of anyone. And it is the medium through whom the dead are alleged to speak. Naturally he invents the message himself; and, not being well versed in dogmatic and moral theology, his communications will very frequently oppose the teaching of the Church, or smell of immorality.

Joseph Dunniger, one of the cleverest magicians in the country, has a standing offer of \$10,000 payable to anyone who can produce by psychic or supernatural means any physical phenomenon that he cannot reproduce by natural means or explain in convincing, materialistic terms. He offers the same amount to anyone who can introduce him to a real ghost of the househaunting variety. Now and then he offers \$10,000 to anyone who, using spiritism, can translate secret code messages given to him by the late Harry Houdini, Conan Doyle, and Thomas Edison, all of whom were interested in the possibility of communicating with the dead.

*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. July, 1942.

Speaking of mediums, Dunninger says, "There are those who set out by fraudulent practice to make money, and there are those who are likewise taking money, but sincerely believe the things they do are genuine. They really think they hear things. If spirits were going to communicate with the earth, wouldn't they get directly in touch with the nearest of kin and not with a 50c medium in a 4th-floor walk-up? Why should spirits push tambourines around, anyway, and whisper through trumpets? It's absurd."

We can't resist quoting a sketch which tells how Dunninger, "wearing a disguise, sneaked into a meeting of the New York branch of the United College of the Attuned Impulse and caused a pint and a half of beer to flow from a spirit trumpet through which the dean had guaranteed to deliver the disembodied voice of somebody's grandfather."

Astrologers dupe their victims by putting up a bluff: the appearance of a science. Most of their horoscopes appear imprinted with the signs of the zodiac—you know, the naked man standing with arms and legs extended, the parts of his body labeled "Leo, the lion," "Cancer, the crab," "Scorpio, the scorpion," and all the rest of it. They are relics of a superstition so old that its very antiquity hoodwinks people. The idea is that the movements of heavenly bodies have some subtle influence on our lives. Each planet is supposed to represent some turn of fortune. If you were born during a month when such and such a planet

was dominant, then you will be rich, powerful, good-looking.

One should suspect something awry from the fact that every horoscope is flattering. Here is a specimen: "You are very talented in some lines. Although greatly misunderstood by those about you, you were born to rule and must eventually have your way. You are stubborn when confronted with a good purpose, but your generosity and lovable temperament overbalance any failings you may have."

Can't you see the ignoramus swelling his chest? "Very talented"—of course! "Greatly misunderstood"—by his wife and everyone he ever quarreled with in his life. "Born to rule"—aren't we all? "Stubborn"—sounds bad, but read on—"when confronted with a good purpose." Thus, it becomes a virtue. "Generosity and lovable temperament"—ah! we expand; ain't science grand? Let's write to Evangeline Adams.

Suppose the horoscope read something like this: "You were born under the sign of Cancer. Although people born between these dates are usually stupid, you have strong arms and a broad back and will never starve. Your greediness will lead you into many a quarrel, but you will not suffer because of your powerful legs. You will marry a girl like yourself and will die of apoplexy before you are 45."

St. Augustine, as far back as the 4th century, went out of his way to tell a little story about the astrologers of his day. He said that twins were born one night on a farm near his home. Both

of them obviously had the same horoscope. They were almost opposite in every detail. One got rich and the other died in poverty. There can be only one inference.

There has lately been a recrudescence of superstition with regard to prayers and exercises of piety. Someone handed us a letter the other day:

"Dear Helen—This is to further devotion to the Little Flower. It was started by a Carmelite nun of Dijon in France. You are to copy this letter and mail it to five of your friends. Ask the Little Flower for some favor, and then watch what happens on the fourth day. It will not go well with you if you break the chain."

It is superstitious, of course. The Church wants no chain prayers. Our sympathy goes to the poor Little Flower who is being made the occasion of such an outrage.

In yet another instance, there was a young girl in our church frantically reading and rereading a typewritten prayer. It was Good Friday, and the prayer had to be gone over 33 times before three o'clock. It was ten of three and the girl had only got through it 17 times. The prize in the case: she was to have anything her heart desired.

A friend of mine once heard that St. Martha was the forgotten saint. You could get anything you wanted from her by lighting a votive lamp every Tuesday afternoon before three o'clock.

One can suspect something wrong with any hand or typewritten prayer, because we are ordinarily forbidden to use devotional formularies unless they carry the signature of a censor and the imprimatur of a bishop. Always look for that stamp of approval on any prayer you receive.

And whenever there is something queer about a practice which has been recommended, watch out! Some outlandish number of repetitions, the setting of a definite time of the day, for instance, and the guarantee of some plum, absolutely without fail. If there is the hint of a threat or a curse attaching to the breaking of the exercise or its nonperformance—then you can be sure of your ground. If you are still perplexed, however, refer the matter to a priest.

God is a good Father who does not make His bounties dependent on some silly practice, and He sends us what is good for us, even though we often lack the faith to see it His way.



The Dionne Quints were all looking out of the window, and one of them was holding a toy monkey.

"Don't hold him up," said one of the others; "people will think there are six of us."

Bishop Nelligan quoted in the *London Catholic Herald* (15 May '42).

From Darkness to Light

By HELEN MOORE

Begin with 1st person singular

Condensed from the *Missionary**

There has not been a Catholic in my family within the memory of anyone now alive. Among my grandparents' personal belongings that came down to me there was no cross or picture—nothing to suggest any religion. There wasn't any religion in our home, but neither was anything said against religion.

I had both Catholic and Protestant friends. For a long time my best friend was a Jewish girl. I knew almost nothing about the Catholic religion. What little I did hear against it never caused me to hate it.

From 1921 to 1929, I worked in the office of a large law firm in New York City, and became assistant to the bookkeeper, a Catholic woman who had a fine influence over me. We worked together in peace and harmony. She never mentioned her religion and I never asked questions about it.

On some occasions, however, there were religious discussions in the office library. In one of them I said that I did not believe in God. One of the lawyers, a Catholic, who heard, took me aside to prove to me that it was only reasonable to believe in God. The arguments must have been good because I never denied the existence of God after that.

In the spring of 1929, I married. My husband and I spent five months visit-

ing the national parks in the U. S. and Canada. We camped most of the time. We climbed mountains, descended into canyons, crossed glaciers and deserts; we looked at waterfalls and big trees and famous lakes. We never set foot inside a church. I do not think I ever thought of God. I did admire the wonders of nature.

We returned to New York the day the stock market crashed. In 1930 we moved out of the city to the suburbs. We felt that the city was not the best place for a child. One of my new neighbors, a Protestant woman, took me to the Methodist church several times. I attended the meetings of the church's women's club and eventually found myself a member. But soon I drifted away from both the church and the club.

By the spring of 1932 my husband lost his job. I did not like housework. I would have preferred to return to office work. Then came a longing to travel again. I bought a ticket for a tour of England and France, and left my two-year-old child in the care of my husband and my mother.

On the boat there were many Catholic priests and Sisters, all bound for the Eucharistic Congress at Dublin. I never even thought of asking anyone what the word *Eucharist* meant. Leaving the boat at Liverpool, I saw the

*411 W. 59th St., New York City. June, 1942.

chapels of the colleges at Oxford. In London I saw Westminster Abbey and Westminster Cathedral; in Paris, Notre Dame and other churches. I admired the stained-glass windows and marveled at the architecture of the buildings and their age, but never asked why men built them.

During the following seven years, I learned to like housework and caring for children. I discovered that a well-run house was something to be proud of, that taking care of children was an important job. I lost interest in acquiring unnecessary possessions. I learned not to worry about the future. If I did not have much for a rainy day, I'd probably earn my living by doing housework. Anyone who could cook, keep house and look after children as well as I could, wouldn't have much trouble earning food, shelter and clothing.

These changes in my thinking did not take place overnight, nor with ease. Since I did not go out much, most of my entertainment came from reading. I read many books, usually fiction. More than anything else, reading made me realize that the Catholic religion was not just another Christian religion, but was much older than the others, and different from them in many ways. One of the books which deepened this impression in my mind was a story about a priest who went out West and pioneered a dairy co-operative. I have forgotten the title.†

†It must have been *The Long Tomorrow* by Evelyn Voss Wise (New York: Appleton-Century). Further information on any of these titles can be had at this address.—Ed.

Even *Anthony Adverse* gave me kindly thoughts about the Catholic Church. Of other books which influenced me, at least to the extent of creating in me a mild curiosity about the Catholic Church, and a belief that its priests and nuns were engaged in good works, four are especially worthy of mention:

Kristin Lavransdatter: I did not know that Norway had once been a Catholic country. I decided that it hadn't been so bad while it had the help of the Catholic Church.

Death Comes to the Archbishop: I was deeply moved by this book.

The Bridge of San Luis Rey: The nuns certainly were sincere in their work.

Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles: Why did Mary Stuart cling so obstinately to the Catholic religion?

During this period I became friendly with a Catholic neighbor. She was kind and patient with her children. I do not remember ever hearing her speak ill of anyone. I liked her and since we both had children I saw a lot of her.

In January, 1940, a young woman came to help me with the three children and the housework. After a few weeks, I realized that she was a valuable addition to the household. The children loved her; she treated them as though they were her own. She was agreeable and willing. All this, even though she was handicapped by extremely poor vision. She attended the Catholic church regularly. One evening during Easter week she asked me to go to church with her. It was the

first time I had ever been in a Catholic church during a service. I did not understand the service but the altar was beautiful and I liked the lighted candles and the church had warmth.

Then Norway, Holland and Belgium came into the war. I suddenly took a great interest in world events. Something was happening and I'd better find out what. I read the *New York Times* carefully. I listened to the radio commentators, the news, and the short-wave broadcasts. About this time the President made his Charlottesville address. Then France signed the armistice and the newspapers and the radio reached a new high in excitement.

By this time I was sorry that I'd ever taken an interest in international affairs. The world was in an awful state. Why should I have to worry about it? But it was like a drug, I couldn't leave the news alone. The more I read and listened and discussed the more confused I became. Apparently the revolution was here and I'd better find something to cling to—but what?

Communism had become a world-wide movement. I knew almost nothing about it. I read the condensation of *Stalin, Czar of All the Russians* by Eugene Lyons. The picture that book painted put the dread of communism into me. I felt I should not condemn the soviets just on the strength of one book, but that was all I had available at the time. Anyway I'd read again and again that there were no churches in Russia and even though I never went to church, I certainly wanted other people to go. I believed in pri-

vate property. Communism wasn't the thing to help or trust. At that time it seemed more like a force for evil.

I didn't know anything about the nazis but I had read much written against them. I didn't know anything about the fascists. These systems didn't seem like world movements. I felt that what was needed was a League of Nations, but one with the highest ideals.

There was the Catholic Church. It was world-wide. It was pledged to uphold high ideals. I believed the priests and nuns did good work. I had good Catholic friends. But how did I know that the highest office in the Church wasn't working for selfish ends, for power, or for money? I had never experienced anything like this before. I couldn't do my work and I couldn't sleep. I hardly trusted my friends, strangers not at all. I did not get over my fear until I found the answer to my distrust of the highest authority in the Catholic Church. In my own words it was: God would not do that to us. In that way I came to have faith in the Holy Father before I learned much about the teachings of the Church. All this I worked out by myself—or was it worked out by the prayers of my friends and by the parish priest? My Catholic neighbor, seeing me so upset, suggested that I go to him. I did go to see him but I never told him my worst doubts. He could not understand why I should bother myself about the state of the world. He told me to pray and that he would remember me at Mass. From the very first that seemed comforting. I saw him several times. In the

course of those visits I had got over my fear. I learned a prayer. My helper taught me the *Memorare*. For the first time, I felt that a prayer of mine had ascended to heaven. The priest gave me a copy of *Rebuilding a Lost Faith* by Stoddard. From this book I learned something of the teachings of the Church, and that another had gone over somewhat the same path as myself. While reading this book I felt that the Catholic religion was all right for those who could believe, but that I did not have that faith myself. I only had faith in the Pope.

At this time the Presbyterian minister happened to come over to see me. Although I had never been in the Presbyterian church I had contributed to its support because my children went to Sunday school there. I told him that I was interested in the Catholic religion; he outlined his objections to the Catholic Church and offered to send me a booklet he had written. I read it.

That summer, I went to Connecticut with the children. I discussed religion with my friends. One suggested the Episcopal church since it was almost the same as the Catholic. She said there still was feeling against the Catholic Church in this country. Why wish it on my children? I said to myself that a little hardship wouldn't hurt them.

I even considered the possibility of persecution arising in this country. If communism caused so much trouble for the Church in Spain, which is a Catholic country, then how much worse trouble might it not cause in this country; which is largely indifferent

and Protestant? I answered that problem by saying that if there is going to be opposition to a cause which I believe to be good, then I should help that cause to the best of my ability. All through that summer I spent much time in serious thinking, and always returned to the conviction that the Catholic Church was the greatest force for good in the world today. I found myself becoming an apologist for the Church.

In the fall, the parish priest invited me to a mission. I learned to like Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament even though I did not believe in the Real Presence. I agreed with much of the preaching.

During the following winter and spring I often read the *Catholic News*, which my helper brought home. I also listened to the Catholic Hour on the radio and sent for Monsignor Sheen's pamphlet, *What Can I Do?* Still I hesitated.

In May, 1941, my fourth child was born. During long sleepless nights in the hospital, I got comfort from Catholic prayers, particularly the *Memorare*. I read the address which the Holy Father made to the world. This was at the time Russia was drawn into the war. In one part he extended an invitation to those outside the Church to return. When I read this it seemed to apply particularly to me.

During the summer, I decided on taking instructions but did not want to take them privately. It must be in a class. In September, a notice appeared in the *Catholic News* that instruction

for non-Catholics would be given by the Paulist Fathers in New York.

Reading enables one to learn much about the teachings of the Church, but it is priests who make it live. From them I have learned to love the Catholic Church, even those devotions which very probably will never be among my favorites. They have taught me also not to dread death, to overcome my natural dislike of certain groups of people, and also to be less impatient with my children.

When I look back it seems strange that I should have come to the Catholic Church while looking for a solution to the problems of the world. In the Church I have found comfort and faith and courage to face the future. I have never had greater inward peace. It has been like coming home after a long journey.

I was surprised to find out, just recently, that in another age the Catholic Church did function as a kind of League of Nations for the kings and

queens of Europe. I still think that the Church could render a valuable service to the nations of the world if they would only return to it or would even give it an attentive, respectful hearing. On one hand the Catholic Church has had centuries of experience in dealing with all kinds of governments; on the other, she has an intimate knowledge of individual men of all races and nationalities. The Church is an organization which exists. There would not be the need of building up from the ground. I believe it is of divine origin and guided by God. Even those who do not have that faith might see that it is the greatest force for good in the world today and cooperate with it.

But it is presumptuous of me even to think about these things. My job is to amend my life, bring up my children in the Church and to find out enough about the Church to correct misunderstandings. In that way even I can help to spread God's kingdom on earth and build a better world.



Brand New

Mr. Hoover, whose stature as a statesman has mounted steadily since he left office (I suspect it is because he can now be himself), said with a sly wit in a speech on May 20, "We have had in the last 25 years the New Freedom, the New Day, the New Era, the New Outlook, the New Epoch, the New Deal, the New Proposal and the New Liberty. Now we are fighting against Hitler's New Order and Tojo's New Asia. This war seems to revolve around the word 'new,' the New Testament being often omitted."

The Catholic World (July '42).

Chief of Chaplains

Man for the job

By BERTON BRALEY

Condensed from *Extension**

There is no confusion in the mind of the chief chaplain of the U. S. army as to what this war is about.

"We are fighting against Satan himself," he said. His big fist clenched and pressed heavily upon the broad desk at which he sat. His great shoulders tensed, and his usually kindly blue eyes turned to granite. "This is not merely a war of money, muscle and steel for an earthly prize, but a war between God and Lucifer for spiritual supremacy in the soul of man. And the simple words of Joe Louis, that 'we are on God's side in this war,' express the conviction that is in all freemen's hearts."

The words revealed the crusader in William R. Arnold, the first Catholic priest to become spiritual commander of the army. General Arnold—he was made a Brigadier in December, 1941—has the thews and bulk to make him mighty in flesh as in the spirit. Topping six feet, he has the shoulders of a football player, which he was, and the chest of a steelworker, which he was also. His 200 pounds of hard weight is well distributed over his big frame with no flabby midriff bulges. His clean-shaven face is ruddy brown and clear, his jaw line is sharp and firm, and his sandy hair, with scarcely a tinge of gray, is thinning only a little. Sixty-one, he looks an exceptionally fit

45; he has never been sick in his life.

He looks the soldier more than the priest. He is proud of being both. He has said, "This is a war of spiritual forces and victory will come to the nations whose spirit is the stronger." But he has also said, "Though a chaplain is a noncombatant, if there is need for him to defend his cause or himself in battle, let him take it as his duty. A dead chaplain is of no use to his men."

General Arnold's youth was spent in Bluffton, Ind., where his parents had moved from Wooster, Ohio. In Bluffton his future career was foreshadowed by his becoming a preacher to his playmates at the age of six or eight. The exact nature of his exhortations he does not remember. The urge to preach was logical. He came of a religious family. His father, Adam Augustus Arnold, born in Switzerland, and his Irish mother were practical Catholics.

Then there was the influence, or rather the example, of Father Courdt, an aged priest who held the Sunday services in the mission they attended. The chief chaplain remembers him as a saintly figure—a saint who would pump a handcar many miles to reach his mission flock at Bluffton.

"Father Courdt never tried to lead me toward the priesthood," said General Arnold, "but his rare character led

*460 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. July, 1942.

me to think the priesthood was something pretty fine." Others among Arnold's youthful companions must have been similarly swayed, for five of them were later to become priests.

But it was to be several years before William Arnold's boyish leaning was to become a determination. By the time he reached high school his zeal for preaching had turned into an enthusiasm for athletics, and he played baseball and football and ran on the track team. "No star," the chief chaplain recounted, "just a dependable satellite."

It was when he received his A.B. in 1902 that he definitely decided to become a priest. He studied for the priesthood at St. Bernard's Seminary in Rochester, N. Y., and was ordained in 1908.

During his school years in Bluffton and Rensselaer young Arnold engaged in other extracurricular activities besides the athletics that were building up his splendid physical frame. His father, who was a cigar maker, believed in every boy having a trade. He saw to it that William learned to be an expert stripper—which is the job of separating tobacco leaves from stems and stalks. The boy learned so well that he got his union card. "I have it still," said General Arnold.

Here the General reached into his desk and pulled out a seasoned briar. He filled and lighted it.

"Most tobacco workers smoke," he said, "and so do I. I've never thought it hurt me, physically or morally. Neither as a priest nor a soldier am I able to agree with Gene Tunney that to-

bacco is a curse. I think it's a comfort, and as much a part of a soldier's rations as his coffee or his bacon."

Another job of his early youth was a railroad job. He regards it as the toughest one he ever handled. He carried water for men working on a section.

"By comparison with that job, my work in the plant of the Republic Steel and Iron Company in Muncie, after I had graduated from St. Joseph's, was light and easy, and the pay of \$5 a day for 12 hours seemed princely. I was a straightener. A bar caught up with me one day and severely burned my leg. That ended my days as a steelworker."

But racing with red-hot steel bars weighing 100 pounds or more further broadened the chest and thickened the muscles that are now so impressive. It also broadened the young man's social outlook.

"Working with steelworkers as a sort of postgraduate course to being a cigar maker," General Arnold said, "taught me a lot of respect for the character, ability and intelligence of the average man. Never since that time have I had any patience with the so-called intellectuals who look down on the 'mob.'"

"There is too much talk of the soldier as a sort of special problem child," General Arnold continued. "He isn't. He's just a regular fellow like any regular fellow outside the army. Our soldiers are not mercenaries out for conquest and plunder. They are boys doing a job for their country. They come from the people, and are neither

better nor worse than the people themselves.

"And, if I were writing a letter to the families back home, the one thing I'd like to tell them is this: so far as religion goes, a boy is just as safe in the army as at home. They say the devil finds work for idle hands to do, but the devil is out of luck in an army camp. Hands, feet and head are busy from reveille till taps."

But to cut back to the chief chaplain's youth, there was a time when he was torn three ways. He wasn't sure whether he wanted to be a priest, a railroader or a soldier. He had a period of yearning for the lordly job of an engineer. Many of his friends went into railroading. And in the intervals when he was not contemplating the priesthood or the railroad as a career, he thought favorably of trying for West Point.

As it worked out, of course, two of these three yearnings were fulfilled. He became a priest, and he joined the army. One of General Arnold's briefer biographers adds a fourth career as one the youth longed to undertake: that of circus clown. But the chief chaplain denies any special impetus in that direction.

During his first five years as a priest, Father Arnold had almost forgotten his earlier thought of an army career. There were no army camps or army men near Peru, Ind., where he was stationed as assistant at St. Charles church, to remind him. But in 1913 the bishop of his diocese heard of a vacancy in the chaplains' corps and recom-

mended him. It took no persuasion to induce him to take the examinations, which he passed with honor.

Regarding his 29 years' service with the chaplains' corps, General Arnold refers to the record, saying that his was an uneventful life and contained no action. In a military sense, this is true. He was never with combatant troops. During the first World War he was stationed at Fort Mills, P. I., which in contrast to this war, was a quiet spot. His army biography merely says, "He was appointed a chaplain on May 7, 1913, with the rank of first lieutenant, and was promoted through the grades."

While being promoted through those grades, he served in 1918 as an instructor in the Chaplain School at Camp Taylor, Ky.; in 1924 he graduated from the higher Chaplain School at Fort Wayne, Mich.—first in his class; directed the Chaplain School at Leavenworth, Kan., from 1925 to 1929, and in that year was sent back to the Philippines as division chaplain at Fort William McKinley.

He was again directing the Leavenworth Chaplain School when he was appointed chief of chaplains, with the rank of Colonel, in 1937. Shortly before his reappointment in January of this year, he was given the rank of Brigadier General. The Church has made him a Monsignor.

For the first seven years of his service, Chaplain Arnold was "in there fighting"—helping his men to battle homesickness, ennui and the dull discontent that sometimes afflicts the best

of men in barracks. Helping them, too, by advice, by manly example, by comradeship and by simple human understanding to outflank the grosser temptations that beset a soldier.

"It was 95% pastoral and only 5% preaching," General Arnold declared, "and in my later years in charge of chaplain schools I always stressed as most important the man-to-man rather than the preacher-to-men relations of chaplains and soldiers. Not that preaching isn't vital, but by personal contact the chaplain should infuse the inspiration of his sermons into the hearts of his men."

The spirit of chaplains trained by that system has been gloriously tested under fire at Bataan. Chaplains Ralph D. Brown, John E. Duffy, Matthias Zerfas, Joseph V. Lafleur and John L. Curran have been decorated for bravery beyond the call of duty in that epic defense. Thus five out of 22 chaplains with American troops in the Far East received citations—a proud record. These honors were won by rescuing wounded under fire and carrying men to hospitals through combat areas. Other chaplains whose heroism has been mentioned in dispatches are Alfred C. Oliver, John A. Wilson and John Borneman.

Protestant and Catholic, they held services in base camps, in jungle outposts, in front-line foxholes. They comforted and aided the wounded on the field; they made thousands of visits to them in hospitals. They gave their best to the living, and administered last rites to the dying. And as it happened

that none of the Jewish chaplains in the corps had been assigned to service in Bataan, both Protestant and Catholic chaplains gave Jewish soldiers spiritual aid and comfort.

Since the fall of Bataan several of these chaplains have been captured by the Japanese. Their whereabouts is unknown, but it is certain that—as is the way of chaplains—they are still with the men of their command units.

When the Selective Service Act was passed, the chief chaplain saw that with the increase in the army there must be a similar expansion in the chaplains' corps. The law required one chaplain for each 1,200 enlisted men. This meant that, by the end of 1942, what had been scarcely a battalion of chaplains would become a force of over 3,000. But there were then only 17 chapels in which to hold services. General Arnold wanted one chapel for each regiment. He submitted his plan, which called for the expenditure of about \$25 million on chapels alone, to the chief of staff, General Marshall. General Marshall believes religion is as important in war as guns. He said, "Go ahead."

More than 600 of the chapels have been built, at an average cost of \$21,000; and more than \$12 million has already been spent, which is 12 times the total expended on chapels in the 150 years of army history.

In the selection of chaplains for this vastly increased corps General Arnold holds firmly to his broadly strict specifications: "They must be men among men, but filled with the divine spirit.

They must have courage, character, a sense of humor. Though," the general grinned, "if they should happen to lack that, the men will teach it to them. They must be physically fit—the army sees to that—and mentally alert.

"I could go on along this line, but you get the idea of the kind of men we want for chaplains. We are getting them. And, like the rest of the army, they are doing their job in a magnificent manner."



Pope Pius "Firsts"

Pope Pius XII is:

The first Pope whose election was announced by radio, and who gave his first papal blessing by radio.

The first Pope whose coronation was attended by a representative of the President of the U. S., Joseph P. Kennedy, then U. S. ambassador to Great Britain.

The first Pope to have visited the U. S.

The first Pope to have visited both North and South America. Both visits were made while he was still Cardinal Pacelli.

The first Pope to have visited all the American cardinals in their own countries and in their own Sees.

The first Pope to have received honorary degrees from four universities in the U. S.: the Universities of Notre Dame, Fordham, Georgetown and Santa Clara.

The first Pope to have ridden in an airplane. In the U. S. he traveled from coast to coast by plane.

The first Pope to have been the guest of a President of the U. S. He had luncheon with the President at Hyde Park.

The first Roman to have been elected Pope for more than 200 years. His birthplace is preserved in Rome.

The first cardinal secretary of state to have been elected Pope in 272 years—since the election of Pope Clement IX.

The first Pope to have been elected after Vatican City was established and the temporal power of the Popes restored. The Lateran Treaty restored the temporal power of the Pope and created Vatican City in 1929.

The Aurora (June '42).

Floral Pattern for Peace

By JOHN H. GLEASON

Gardens are not men

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine**

In these war-fevered times it is refreshing to know that at Michigan City, Ind., there is a huge sprawling garden, covering 90 acres, which has been built by international good will.

The Friendship Gardens are a composite of national gardens. Each one has been built by the nation it represents. Bulbs and shrubs were furnished by kings, presidents and prime ministers.

Virgil Stauffer, a young florist of Hammond, Ind., conceived the International Friendship Gardens while watching a group of visitors to his Nations' Flower Exhibit at the 1934 Chicago World's Fair. With sticky, muddy hands, he paused in his transplanting to study men and women, babbling in dozens of different languages, proudly pointing out the flowers of their nation.

If people became so friendly over flowers, if people ignored national and racial lines with flowers as the catalytic agent, then he had his theme for the big garden he and his brothers had planned for years! That night in 1934 Stauffer hastened to confer with his brother Joe, who encouraged the idea—but pointed out difficulties. Where could he find a plot of ground containing dry soil, wet soil, acid soil and alkaline soil—necessary to the growing of flowers of all nations? How could

he obtain the endorsement of monarchs and presidents? How could he finance the project?

"Would you write direct to kings and queens for their approval?" asked Joe in an awed voice.

Virgil was staggered, but he set his square jaw. "The first thing to do," he said, "is to call at the consulates and sound them out. If foreign dignitaries won't approve, our plan is shot."

The next day he and Joe invaded the luxurious consulate chambers of a foreign nation whose identity, for obvious reasons, Virgil dislikes to reveal. The consul was cold: "I don't approve your plan, and I'm sure my king won't. If any of my country's descendants wish to visit a spot of their homeland, there are shipping lines anxious to do business with them. My country makes a specialty of entertaining tourists from America."

Virgil argued, then pleaded. The big man flared up. "You cannot write my king! My country is not America where you can sit down and scribble your own opinion to your president. There is a form of etiquette necessary before your letter would reach my king. My permission for you to write is necessary, and I will not give it!"

Dismayed, Virgil and Joe walked out. Joe threw up his hands as they reached the sidewalk. "It was a great

**St. Benedict, Ore. July, 1942.*

idea while it lasted," he said wistfully.

Virgil started down the street. Joe called after him, "Where are you going?" "I'm going to the British consul."

The British official listened attentively. When Virgil had finished, he nodded emphatically. "Write my king. I'm sure he will endorse your plan. Just write to him as you would to your president; I'll write him today, informing him of my approval."

Their spirits zooming, Virgil and Joe called on other officials. They all thought well of the idea and urged Virgil to write to the heads of their governments.

Several days later Virgil and Joe returned to the consulate where they had been discouraged on their first call. The official snapped, "I don't care what the other fellows say. I don't approve, and I know my king won't." Grudgingly, he added, "Write to him if you want but a secretary will intercept the letter."

Months later, Virgil's fingers trembled when he received his first letter from royalty. It bore the seal of the nation whose consulate had turned him down. Virgil's brown eyes widened as he read. The king gave his approval. He asked to be allowed to send the bulbs and other plants from his own royal garden. He was sending under separate cover a blueprint of a typical garden of his country.

Next, Virgil tackled the gargantuan task of locating a garden site. He obtained scale maps of southern Wisconsin, northern Illinois and Indiana and

southwestern Michigan. He wanted the garden near Chicago to draw on its melting-pot population, but was aware that the closer to Chicago the higher would be the cost.

Months of travel by auto followed. One location after another was chanced upon, and discarded.

Indiana had not been searched by Virgil since he was under the impression, because of the famous dunes, that the soil was sandy. By accident, while returning from a jaunt into Michigan, Virgil Stauffer followed Trail creek southeastward out of Michigan City. He stumbled onto Pottawattomie Park and the old creek bottom, overgrown with weeds and briars, to the west of it. Sand bars choked the creek, and the brush was dirty, showing that the creek had backed up at floodtime and inundated the bottomland.

On the top floor of Michigan City's tallest structure, the Warren building, Virgil found the owner of the bottomland, Dr. Frank R. Warren—also owner of most of Pottawattomie Park, which the busy practitioner had subdivided. Negotiations were quick and thorough. Dr. Warren saw that the turning of the unsightly bottomland into a huge garden would improve the value of his Pottawattomie Park real estate. He gave Stauffer a 99-year lease, with the understanding that the garden would be a nonprofit enterprise.

Virgil and Joe, hiring a few laborers, set to work grading, hauling out sand, bringing in clay and topsoil, cutting weeds and brush, deepening the creek, transplanting huge trees. But at the

end of the summer of 1936 they had barely nicked the wild disorder of their little valley. Michigan City residents, hearing of the Stauffer brothers' venture, drove out to the creek valley and sought to dissuade the florists from expending their hard work on wasteland.

"We will rent a bigger tract of rich farmland for you," said a chamber of commerce delegation. "This valley is all sandburs, brush and weeds. The soil is poor. Why, this spot was once considered for use as the city dump."

"Just watch us," said Virgil.

Their work that summer included the straightening of Trail creek and the building of dams and levees. When fall came they surveyed the valley and saw that the garden now was not lost in the valley's wildness. Lawns stood out and flowers relieved the drab monotony.

Another year and another rolled over the horizon. Chicago newspapers were carrying scenic views of the sprawling gardens, 38 in number; magazines described the cool green vistas of the gardens dedicated to peace.

Letters came from foreign potentates. Rulers of other countries saw a means of keeping alive in the breasts of American descendants a memory of their national origin. Help from abroad was assured, and attendance from the Midwest was increasing.

Then came war. Virgil and Joe had believed themselves halfway to their goal and now they saw their garden dreams blasted.

"People won't be interested in a garden dedicated to peace during war," said Joe, and Virgil nodded.

Convinced that the war spirit had doomed their project, they talked of retrenching, of trying to hold on until the war was over. Meanwhile, Nazi hordes swept into Austria, Poland, Norway, France, the Balkans. With incredulous eyes, Virgil and Joe watched the steadily increasing lines of visitors file through their gardens. At the Polish garden there was open weeping.

Italian-Americans wandered to the stately garden of their country and shook their heads. "It is too bad," they said. "But here is peace." The Italian garden lay next to the magnificent Greek garden. Busloads of Grecian-Americans alighted and gathered at their garden's close-trimmed hedges, formal shrubs and thick lawns. "It is like the old country," they said, "but there are no bombs here."

The mail from foreign countries to the Friendship Gardens grew heavier. Some missives were frantic. "It is for you to keep fresh in the hearts of our countrymen their memories of a nation that is subjugated," was the tenor of the letters. Virgil and Joe plunged into feverish work. Night and day they struggled to keep pace with increasing attendance.

Today, at the entrance of the Friendship Gardens, work has been started on the Chinese garden, its plans drawn up and sent from China by Gen. Chiang Kai-shek. The muddy rain-spattered envelope containing the Chinese characters arrived at Michigan

City after a jaunt along the Burma road.

Plans are being made for a Father Marquette statue at his spring, bubbling eternally. When world peace comes, a peace chapel will be dedicated atop Breezy Hill in the gardens.

When the U. S. declared war Virgil and Joe Stauffer again thought their garden might tumble, but chartered bus and train trips scheduled for the summer have exceeded normal expectations. Churches throughout the Midwest have written for information and are planning bus tours. A pageant will be presented in the gardens this summer—*The Life of Father Marquette*. And a regional music festival

will attract thousands of spectators.

Joe and Virgil still live in a cabin among their flowers. They're working too hard now to think of anything besides keeping up and expanding the gardens. Their dahlia hothouse is said to be one of the largest in the country. Virgil is scheduled to go on the air this summer over a nation-wide hookup as a master garden designer.

The daydream of the Stauffer brothers has come true on a far greater scale than they ever dreamed it would.

In the gardens' smiling pools, in the riotous color of the flower beds, in the stately greenery of the hedges, in the mild blue sky above the International Friendship Gardens there is peace.



Flights of Fancy

As eerie as a faceless smile.—*Walter Farrell, O. P.*

Dieting is the triumph of mind over platter.—*O. Henry.*

His chief aim in life wasn't just a cuspidor.—*Irving Bacheller.*

Hat that is gay as a truck driver's wink.—*Dorothy Kilgallen.*

In South America they call them Fifth Columnists.—*Ruth Harkness.*

At noon the clock folded its hands and said the Angelus.—*Edwin Dorzweiler, O. F. M. Cap.*

She was always in good rumor.—*Marcelene Cox.*

We lived each day through, hugging every minute.—*Edwa Moser.*

It won't be lawn now, with all the kids playing out in the yard.—*Los Angeles Daily News.*

His knees fainted and leaned against one another.—*Brother George M. Schuster, S. M.*

The one thing that cannot be preserved in alcohol is a secret.—*Brooklyn Tablet.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Illustrious Blossom

Courage is a living flower

By FATHER CURRAN as told to LEANDER TROY, O. Carm.

Condensed from the *Carmelite Review**

China will never die. There was a time when China was very sick. Bandits and famine—even the rats in the rectory storeroom were thin. Being young and inexperienced, I had little hope for China. Then I met Cherry Blossom.

Cherry Blossom was a daughter of the Ming dynasty. Ton-Ling, her father, was a general in the Nationalist army and usually away from home. Her family were members of the small flock under my care in the city of Hengyeng on the banks of the Yuan river. There was also Tsa-Chang, a brilliant young officer, who dreamed of the day when Cherry Blossom and he would eat their rice from a common bowl.

Cherry Blossom was by no means a docile member of the flock. She had a way of looking at you with lips slightly parted and dark eyes filled with wonder, as if entirely captivated. "Peer of philosophers," she would say when I tried to talk seriously with her, "like all great thinkers you are not appreciated by your own generation." Then there was the time I received a gift. It was a small fishing junk badly in need of repair. There was only one person in all China who would send me such a present.

I mentioned famine and bandits. Every year they invaded our city, the

swaggering bandit chief and his hungry ruffians. Their breath was famine. With assumed sweetness, Cherry Blossom would ask me to inform her of the bandits' arrival. She wished to don her favorite jet black tea gown for the occasion. When I attempted to remonstrate at her indifference to the sufferings of her people she would laugh at me and run away.

Then one April, the first rafts of new lumber came floating down the river and on them was the bandit army. Our city became the playground for their vile games. While the people starved, they feasted on our rice and roast pig. I got a message from Cherry Blossom to come to see her.

The house in which her family lived had all the dark beauty of a Confucian temple. It was studiously avoided by the bandits who greatly feared its head, General Ton-Ling. Somehow the unusual message had caused me to expect some change in Cherry Blossom. I was disappointed.

"Tomorrow," she said gayly, "I go to visit the bandit chief."

"This is no time for joking," I told her, and turned to leave.

As we walked through the orchard behind the house, she plucked a blossom from one of the cherry trees. I scolded her for her wastefulness. Every blossom would one day be food.

*6413 Dante Ave., Chicago, Ill. June, 1942.

"Revered wise one," she said making a mock bow, "I meant no harm. You will go shortly to Peiping to see the bishop. Will you give this to Tsa-Chang? It is a message he will understand."

The next day things were so bad that I decided to visit the bandit headquarters to plead with the chief to leave the city. The sentry leered at me through his cigarette smoke and allowed me to pass. I waited in the ante-room with two soldiers across from me. They played with a greasy deck of cards, their rifles on their knees. A third bandit searched me for concealed weapons. To tell the truth I was a very frightened young priest.

The door of the bandit chief's office opened. General Wo-King would see me now. I entered the office. Wo-King sat behind a large desk. He was fat like a fat fox. He was laughing, but there was scum in his laugh. And then I confess I lost my temper, for in front of Wo-King's desk, with her usual carefree smile, stood Cherry Blossom in her jet black tea gown.

"You foolish, headstrong, unfeeling girl!" I said. "Have you lost your wits entirely? Go home at once."

Then it was Wo-King's turn to become angry. "Illustrious loudmouth," he said, "kindly be seated in silence. The maiden pleases me."

I sat down. Cherry Blossom appeared a bit upset at my presence. She bowed to me but kept her eyes lowered. She looked very much the princess with her black costume and jeweled earrings. Wo-King, who seemed

more than pleased with her, resumed his bragging account of dastardly adventures. Cherry Blossom listened attentively with slightly parted lips and wonder-filled eyes.

I glanced about the room. Suspended from the ceiling next to the side wall was a large plant of ferns with long, overhanging leaves. Through these leaves I saw the outline of a submachine-gun muzzle protruding through a hole in the wall and evidently operated from the adjoining room. Cherry Blossom had often told me that no Chinese leader ever received a visitor without such protection. The muzzle was trained directly at Cherry Blossom. I decided to take Wo-King's advice and remain quiet.

"Great leader of men," Cherry Blossom asked innocently, at the conclusion of a bloodthirsty narrative, "why do you not go up and capture Peiping?"

"Pretty flower," he answered, "if you come with Wo-King you shall see Peiping burned to the ground from wall to wall."

Cherry Blossom was about to reply when the door burst open and a bandit soldier entered. He stopped short when he saw Cherry Blossom.

"Lord of all war lords," he said excitedly, "this girl is the daughter of Ton-Ling."

Wo-King looked at Cherry Blossom; from her momentary dismay he saw that the accusation was true.

"You may leave, most vigilant one," he told the soldier coldly. The scar over his left eye grew red.

"So, my distinguished deceiver, you

would play with Wo-King. Know well that your playing days are over. When Wo-King goes back to the hills, his booty will rest on your lovely shoulders."

Cherry Blossom listened in silence. The dignity of untold generations lived again in her passionate calmness. She stepped to the side of the desk between the submachine gun and Wo-King. He stood up, amazed at the change in her.

"Wo-King," she said quietly, "I am not afraid of you. You are the murderer of China. You have starved its children. You have enslaved its daughters. You have broken its old men and robbed its widows. May the Lord forgive you!"

Then suddenly I heard the guttural command, "Shoot her!" The gun in the wall spat bullets. Cherry Blossom fell to the floor, shot through the back. Wo-King, who had been directly in front of her, fell at her side.

I rushed to where Cherry Blossom lay. She smiled faintly as she looked up

at me. In those eyes, as I blessed her, I saw for the first time the great soul of China. For, when the guttural command rang, I had been watching Wo-King closely. His lips had not moved! Cherry Blossom's imitation of Wo-King's voice had been almost perfect. She had sacrificed her own life on the desperate chance that Wo-King would also be in the path of the rapid gun fire.

I went to Peiping soon afterwards. One bright afternoon Tsa-Chang came, with spurs clanking agonized questions on the flagstones of the garden walk. He came with a soldier's directness, with a young man's grace, but with the dream-filled, eager eyes of a child. When I gave him her message, I realized suddenly that the difference between youth and age is not years, but sorrow. Something had flown out of him as he stood there with the withered cherry blossom cupped in his hand.

No, China will never die. China will be sore hurt, but the suffering will make for a better nation, for there are tens of thousands of Cherry Blossoms.



Beginnings... XXXVIII...

COLORADO

First priests: Three Franciscans, Fray Estevan de Perea, Fray Bartolomé Romero and Francisco Munoz, in 1604.

First dated Mass: By Fray Juan del Pino, O. F. M. Sept. 29, 1719.

First recorded Baptism: George Eckbet by Bishop J. B. Mieje of Leavenworth, in Denver, June 3, 1860.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

When Henry Was in Power

By WILLIAM COBBETT

Condensed from a book*

The act of Parliament for the suppression of the monasteries was passed in the year 1536 and in the 27th year of the reign of King Henry VIII. The act gave the whole of the property to the king, his heirs, and assigns, "to use therewith according to their own wills." Besides the lands and houses and stock, this tyrannical act gave Henry the household goods and the gold, silver, jewels, and every other thing belonging to those monasteries. Here was a breach of Magna Charta in the first place; a robbery of the monks and nuns in the second place; and, in the third place, a robbery of the indigent, the widow, the orphan and the stranger. The parties robbed, even the actual possessors of the property, were never heard in their defense; there was no charge against any particular convent; the charges were loose and general, and leveled against *all* convents whose revenues did not exceed a certain sum. This alone was sufficient to show that the charges were false; for who will believe that the alleged wickedness extended to all whose revenues did not exceed a certain sum, and that when those revenues got above that point, the wickedness stopped?

The moment the tyrant got posses-

sion of this class of the Church estates, he began to grant them away to his "assigns," as the act calls them. Great promises had been held out that the king, when in possession of these estates, would never more want taxes from the people; and it is possible that he thought that he should be able to do without taxes; but he soon found that he was not destined to keep the plunder to himself. In short, he must make a sudden stop, if not actually undo all that he had done, unless he divided the spoil with others who instantly poured in upon him for their share, and they so beset him that he had not a moment's peace. They knew that he had good things; they had taken care to enable him to have "assigns"; and they would give him no rest until he, "to the pleasure of almighty God and to the honor and profit of the realm," made them the "assigns."

Before four years had passed over his head, he found himself as poor as if he had never confiscated a single convent, so sharp-set were the pious reformers, and so eager to "please almighty God." When complaining to Cromwell of the rapacity of the applicants for grants, he exclaimed, "By our Lady, the cormorants, when they

*A History of the Reformation in England and Ireland. 1824.
New ed. by Benziger, 1934. 406 pp. \$1.50.

have got the garbage, will devour the dish."

When Parliament had enabled him to confiscate the smaller monasteries, it declared that in the "great and solemn monasteries (thanks be to God!) religion is right well kept and observed." It seemed, therefore, to be a work of some difficulty to discover (in so short a time after this declaration) reasons for the confiscation of these larger monasteries. But tyranny stands in need of no reasons; and, in this case, no reasons were alleged. Cromwell and his myrmidons beset the heads of these great establishments; they threatened, they promised, they lied, and they bullied. By means the most base that can be conceived, they obtained from some few what they called a "voluntary surrender." However, where these unjust and sanguinary men met with sturdy opposition, they resorted to false accusations and procured the murder of the parties under pretense of their having committed high treason. It was under this infamous pretense that the tyrant hanged and ripped up and quartered the abbot of the famous abbey of Glastonbury, whose body was mangled by the executioner, and whose head and limbs were hung up on what is called the *torre*, which overlooks the abbey.

Even to obtain a pretense of voluntary surrender was a work too troublesome for Cromwell and his ruf-

fians, and much too slow for the cormorants who waited for the plunder. Without further ceremony, an act was passed giving all these "surrendered" monasteries to the king, his heirs and assigns, and also *all other monasteries*; and all hospitals and colleges into the bargain!

The carcass being thus laid prostrate, the rapacious vultures who had assisted in the work began to tear it in pieces. The people, here and there, rose in insurrection against the tyrant's satellites; but, deprived of their natural leaders, who had for the most part placed themselves on the side of tyranny and plunder, what were the common people to do? Hume affects to pity the *ignorance* of the people (as our stock-jobbing writers now affect to pity the *ignorance* of the country people in Spain) for showing their attachment to the monks. Gross ignorance, to be sure, to prefer easy landlords, leases for life, hospitality, and plenty to grinding rackrents, buying small beer at bishops' palaces, and living on parish pay.

Tyrants have often committed robberies on their people but, in England at least, there was always something of legal process observed. In this case there was no such thing. The base Parliament, who were to share, and who did most largely share, in the plunder, had given not only the lands and houses to the tyrant, or rather, had taken them to themselves; but

had disposed, in the same short way, of all the movable goods, stock on farms, crops and, what was of more consequence, of the gold, silver and jewels. The poorest of the convents had *some* images, vases, and other things, of gold or silver. Many of them possessed a great deal in this way. The altars of their churches were generally enriched with the precious metals, if not with costly jewels; and, what is not to be overlooked, the people in those days were honest enough to suffer all these things to remain in their places without a standing army and without police officers.

Never, in all probability, since the world began, was there so rich a harvest of plunder. The ruffians of Cromwell entered the convents; they tore down the altars to get the gold and silver; ransacked the chests and drawers of the monks and nuns; tore off the covers of books that were ornamented with precious metals. These books were all in manuscript. Single books that had taken half a long lifetime to compose and to copy, and whole libraries, the work of ages and worth immense sums of money, were scattered abroad by these hellish ruffians, when they had robbed the covers of their rich ornaments. The ready money down to the last shilling was seized. The most rapacious and unfeeling soldiery never, in any town delivered up to be sacked, proceeded with greediness, shamelessness and

brutality to be at all compared with those of these heroes of the Protestant Reformation; and this, observe, towards persons, women as well as men, who had committed no crime known to the laws, who had had no crime laid to their charge, who had had no hearing in their defense, a large part of whom had, within a year, been declared, by this same Parliament, to lead most godly and useful lives, the whole of whose possessions were guaranteed to them by the great charter, as much as the king's crown was to him, and whose estates were held for the benefit of the poor as well as for themselves.

The tyrant was, of course, the great pocketeer of this species of plunder. Cromwell carried or sent it to him in parcels, 20 ounces of gold at one time, 50 ounces at another; now a parcel of precious stones of one sort, then a parcel of another. Hume, whose main object is to blacken the Catholic religion, takes every possible occasion to praise the destroyers. He could not ascribe justice or humanity to a monster whose very name signifies injustice and cruelty. He, therefore, speaks of his high spirit, his magnificence, and generosity. It was a high-spirited, magnificent, and generous king, indeed, who sat in his palace in London to receive with his own hands the gold, silver, jewels and money of which his unoffending subjects had been robbed by ruffians sent by him-

self to commit the robbery. One of the records runs in these words: "Item, delivered unto the king's royal Majesty, the same day, of the same stuffe, foure chalices of golde, with foure patens of golde to the same; and a spoon of golde, weighing all together an hundred and six ounces. Received: Henry Rex."

In this "generous prince's" pawnshop of stolen goods were images of all sorts, candlesticks, sockets, cruets, cups, pixes, goblets, basins, spoons, diamonds, sapphires, pearls, finger rings, earrings, coins of all value, even down to shillings, bits of gold and silver torn from the covers of books or cut and beaten out of the altars. In cases where the woodwork of altars, crosses, or images was inlaid with precious metal, the wood was frequently burned to get at the metal. And with these facts before us, undenied and undeniable, must we not be the most profound hypocrites in all the world; must we not be the precise contrary of that which Englishmen have always been thought to be, if we still affect to believe that the destruction of the shrines of our forefathers arose from motives of conscience?

The parcel of plunder just mentioned would equal in value about £8,000 [\$40,000 at par] of today's money; and that parcel was, perhaps, not a hundredth part of what Henry received in this way. Then, who is to suppose that the plunderers did not

keep a large share for themselves? Did subaltern plunderers ever hand in just accounts? It is manifest that the whole amount of the goods of which the convents were plundered must have been enormous. The reforming gentry ransacked the cathedral churches as well as the convents and their churches. Whatever pile contained the greatest quantity of "the same stuffe," seemed to be the object of their most keen rapacity. It is by no means surprising that they directed, at a very early stage of their pious and honest progress, their hasty steps towards Canterbury, which, above all other places, had been dipped in the "manifeste synne" of possessing rich altars, tombs, gold and silver images, together with "manifestely synneful" diamonds and other precious stones. The whole of this city, famed as the cradle of English Christianity, was prize; and the "Reformation" people hastened to it with that alacrity, and that noise of anticipated enjoyment, which we observe in crows and magpies when flying to the carcass of a horse or ox.

But there were at Canterbury two objects by which the "Reformation" birds of prey were particularly attracted; namely, the monastery of St. Austin and the tomb of Thomas à Becket. The former of these renowned men, to whose preaching and long life of incessant and most disinterested labor England owed the establishment

of Christianity in the land, had, for eight or nine centuries, been regarded as the Apostle of England. His shrine was in the monastery dedicated to him; and as it was, in all respects, a work of great magnificence, it offered a plenteous booty to the plunderers who, if they could have got at the tomb of Jesus Christ Himself and had found it equally rich, would beyond all question have torn it to pieces.

Rich as this prize was, there was a greater in the shrine of Thomas à Becket, in the cathedral church. Becket, who was archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Henry II, and who resisted that king when the latter was manifestly preparing to rob the church and to enslave and pillage the people, had been held in the highest veneration all over Christendom for more than 300 years, when the Reformation plunderers assailed his tomb. His name was venerated especially in England, where the people looked upon him as a martyr to their liberties as well as their religion. Pilgrimages were continually made to his tomb; offerings incessantly poured into it; churches and hospitals and other establishments of piety and charity were dedicated to him, as, for instance, the church of St. Thomas in the city of London, the monastery of Sende in Surrey, the hospital of St. Thomas in the borough of Southwark, and things of this sort, in great numbers, all over the country.

Offerings had made his shrine exceedingly rich and magnificent. A king of France had given to it a diamond, supposed to be the most valuable then in Europe. Hume, never losing sight of the double object of maligning the Catholic religion and degrading the English nation, ascribes this veneration of Becket to the *craft* of the priests and to the folly and superstition of the people. He is vexed to have to relate that more than 100,000 pilgrims to Becket's shrine have been assembled at one time in Canterbury. Indeed, then, there must have been some people living in England, even in those old times; and those people must have had some wealth, too, though, according to the whole tenor of the lying book, which the Scotch call our history, this was, at the time I am now speaking of, a poor, beggarly, scarcely inhabited country. The city of Canterbury does not now contain men, women and children, all counted and well puffed out, more than 12,720 souls! Poor souls! How could *they* find lodging and entertainment for 100,000 grown persons? And this, too, observe, at one corner of the island. None but persons of some substance could have performed such a journey. Here is a fact that just slips out sideways, which is of itself much more than enough to make us reflect and inquire before we swallow what the Scotch philosophers are now presenting to us on the subjects of

national wealth and population.

Then, as to the craft and superstition which Hume says produced this concourse of pilgrims. Just as if either were necessary to produce unbounded veneration for the name of a man who had sacrificed his life in the most signal manner for the rights and liberties and religion of his country. Was it "folly and superstition," or was it wisdom and gratitude and real piety to show, by overt acts, veneration for such a man? The bloody tyrant, who had sent More and Fisher to the block, and who, of course, hated the name of Becket, caused his ashes to be dug up and scattered in the air, and forbade the future insertion of his name in the Calendar. We do not, therefore, find it in the Calendar in the *Common Prayer Book*; but, and it is a most curious fact, we do find it in *Moore's Almanac*; in that almanac it is for this very year 1825; and thus, in spite of the ruthless tyrant, and in spite of all the liars of the Reformation, the English nation has always continued to be just and grateful to the memory of this celebrated man.

But, to return to the Reformation robbers; here was a prize! This tomb of Becket was of wood, most exquisitely wrought, inlaid abundantly with precious metals, and thickly set with precious stones of all sorts. Here was an object for Reformation piety to fix its godly eyes upon! Were such a shrine to be found in one of our

churches now, how the swaddlers would cry out for another "Reformation"! The gold, silver, and jewels filled two chests, each of which required six or eight men of that day (when the laborers used to have plenty of meat) to move them to the door of the cathedral! How the eyes of Hume's "high-minded, magnificent and generous prince" must have glistened when the chests were opened!

The monasteries were plundered, sacked, gutted, for this last is the proper word whereby to describe the deed. As some comfort, and to encourage us to endure the horrid relation, we may here bear in mind that we shall by and by see the base rufian, Cromwell, chief instrument in the plunder, laying his miscreant head on the block. But, to seize the estates and to pillage the churches and apartments of the monasteries was not all. The noble buildings, raised in the view of lasting for countless ages, the beautiful gardens, these ornaments of the country, must not be suffered to stand, for they continually reminded the people of the rapacity and cruelty of their tyrant and his fellow plunderers. To go to work in the usual way would have been a labor without end. In most instances, gunpowder was resorted to, and thus in a few hours the most magnificent structures, which had required ages to bring to perfection, were made heaps of ruins, pretty much as they remain even to

this day. In many cases, those who got the estates were bound to destroy the buildings, or to knock them partly down.

That which took place in Surrey took place in every other county, only to a greater extent in proportion to the greater wealth and resources of the spot. Defacing followed closely upon the heels of confiscation and plunder. If buildings could have been murdered, the tyrant and his plunderers would have made short work of them. As it was, they did all they could: they knocked down, blew up, annihilated. Nothing, indeed, short of diabolical malice was to be expected from such men; but there were two abbeys in England, which one might have hoped that even these monsters would have spared: that which contained the tomb of St. Austin and that which had been founded by and contained the remains of Alfred. We have seen how they rifled the tomb of St. Austin at Canterbury. They tore down the church and the abbey, and with the materials built a menagerie for wild beasts and a palace for the tyrant himself. The tomb of Alfred was in an abbey at Winchester, founded by that king himself. The abbey and its estates were given by the tyrant to Wriothsley, who was afterwards made Earl of Southampton, and who got a pretty good share of the confiscations in Hampshire. One almost sickens at the thought of a man

capable of a deed like the destruction of this abbey. Where is there one among us who has read anything at all, who has not read of the fame of Alfred? Poets, moralists, divines, historians, philosophers, lawyers, legislators, not only of our own country, but of all Europe, have cited him, and still cite him, as a model of virtue, piety, wisdom, valor and patriotism; as possessing every excellence, without a single fault. In spite of difficulties such as no other human being on record ever encountered, he cleared his harassed and half-barbarized country of horde after horde of cruel invaders. During a short life he raised himself and his people to the highest point of happiness and fame. He fought, with his armies and fleets, more than 50 battles against the enemies of England. He taught his people, by his example as well as by his precepts, to be sober, industrious, brave and just. He promoted learning in all the sciences; he planted the University of Oxford; to him, and not to a late Scotch lawyer, belongs trial by jury; Blackstone calls him the founder of the common law. The counties, the hundreds, the tithings, the courts of justice, all were the work of Alfred. He was the founder of all those rights, liberties and laws which made England what England has been, which gave her a character above that of other nations, which made her rich, great and happy be-

yond all her neighbors, and which still give her whatever she possesses of that preeminence. If there be a name under heaven to which Englishmen ought to bow with reverence it is the name of Alfred. And we are not unjust and ungrateful in this respect at any rate, for, whether Catholic or Protestant, where is there an Englishman to be found who would not gladly make a pilgrimage of 1,000 miles to take off his hat at the tomb of this maker of the English name? Alas! that tomb is nowhere to be

found. The barbarians spared not even that. It was in Hyde abbey, which had been founded by Alfred himself, and intended as the place of his burial. Besides the remains of Alfred this abbey contained those of St. Grimbald, the Benedictine monk whom Alfred brought into England to begin the teaching at Oxford. But what cared the plunderers for remains of public benefactors? The abbey and its tombs were demolished; the very lead of the coffins was sold.



William Cobbett

William Cobbett died when nearly 70 in the year 1835. He lived through one of the most momentous periods of European history, an age in some regards like our own. He was the son of a small farmer in England. He ran away from home without knowing how to read or write, learned to while serving as a common soldier in Nova Scotia. He was a radical and a revolutionist as the result of the injustices that he saw on every side; but at heart he was a sincere patriot, whose opinions mellowed with age. Despite his wild and almost extravagant rhetoric, he had a clear mind which recognized true worth regardless of class and rank. Over a space of ten years, beginning in 1821, he made journeys on horseback all over Great Britain with the avowed purpose of stirring the farm laborers into active opposition to the landowners. These journeys he describes in his *Rural Rides*. They are unique and charming. No guidebook could possibly supply the vivid descriptions of men and things as he jotted them down from day to day. These rural rides opened his eyes to something that had long since been forgotten: the necessary connection between religion and economics. Everywhere throughout England he saw the ruins of great abbeys and priories, and what was still more important, parish churches far too large for their present congregations. He could find scarcely a single church built since the Reformation. This made him search for reasons. The conclusion he came to was written down in the form of a *History of the Protestant Reformation*, a most remarkable production to come from the pen of a Protestant.

The Melbourne Advocate (14 Aug. '41).

Five Yanks Swing It

Fire for the melting pot

By CATHAL O'BYRNE

Condensed from *America**

A concert organized in Northern Ireland to augment the building fund of the new Catholic church was musically, artistically and financially a decided success. The village hall was thronged to capacity with a discriminating audience, and not the least part of the evening's success, and not a little of the delight expressed by the audience, was due to the American Rhythm Boys, a quintet from the band of the American forces in residence in the neighborhood at that moment.

The American artists had already arrived in the hall, and were tuning up when I reached the stage. On being formally introduced, I asked, "Well, how's America?"

"Fine and dandy," came the laughing reply from all five.

When I thereupon explained that on two occasions I had toured America in folk-song recitals, from New York to the Golden Gate and from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico, they chorused, "Gee, that's wonderful," and we were strangers no longer.

And when to the question put by a laughing-eyed youth, "Did you like America?" I answered, "Now, don't you think I would be hard to please if I didn't?" they answered again as one man, "We sure do."

"There was just one thing in America I had to complain of," I said, and

as I said it the laughing faces all went grave in an instant, "the hospitality; it was so overwhelming."

"Gee, that ain't nuthin' to complain of," said the merry-eyed lad, as he set all the gadgets of his drums jangling with one tremendous bang—an accompaniment to his delighted laughter.

And where this particular quintet of American boys was concerned, the Melting Pot must surely have had to work overtime. The parents of one came from Syria. He was a dark, slender lad, kind and thoughtful, and it was delightful to see his open-eyed wonder and appreciation when he found I could pronounce his name correctly at the first try.

The parents of another came from Germany. He was the tall, laughing-eyed lad who had asked, "Did you like America?" A handsome, well-set-up boy, who, with regard to his appearance, could "pinch hit" for Colonel Lindbergh anywhere. He was something of a "playboy," as I soon discovered, and, to put the Irish twist on it, was "the heart o' corn."

Once he overheard me exchanging a few words in Irish with the soprano of our party—a splendid artist by the way, and a very beautiful young girl. Putting his finger to his lip, he whispered in a mock-horrified manner, "We

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. June 27, 1942.

should not speak German." When I informed him that it was not German, but Irish, our very own language, we were speaking, he hammered his blond head with both his fists, tearing off, in his abject contrition, about a mile and a half of the Fatherland in one resounding spate of voluble German. He looked so naively repentant in the doing of it, that the soprano, there and then, took the irresistible rascal to her heart, literally, or, at least, she did not demur, amid peals of laughter, about permitting him to reverse that order. So, when this row is over, if you hear of an Irish soprano making her debut under a German-American name in the U. S. A., you will at once be able to understand it.

Another boy who made one of the five was a Creole from New Orleans, down among the bayous and magnolias, the lovely old city that sits away to the south yonder beside the Father of Waters. A dark-eyed, quiet-mannered lad he was, and when I told him that I knew the Vieux Carré, that I had been in his southern home for Mardi Gras, and, all dressed up and mounted on a decorated float, had paraded its picturesque streets; that I had had chicken gumbo and jambalaya in a little café, once a bank, that was hidden away somewhere amid a maze of narrow streets down in the heart of the old French Quarter; that I had sipped French-market coffee and had eaten pralines and crullers under the shadow of the cloister-like arches of the old Cabildo, one lovely afternoon, when its blue shadow lay, cut sharp as with a

knife, across the gray pavement of the old Square, his delight at my meticulous remembrance of the beautiful old place was unbounded.

And then I gave him my version of the origin of the world-famous iron lace of New Orleans. The work of slaves in the old days, it was hammered out by hand, and so finely wrought and twisted and twined into such intricate and delicate patterns that it came to be called iron lace. That it was made by slaves, as I was told, I had no doubt, but I tried to account for its existence in another fashion:

When Vulcan irked the jealous
Jove,
In womanish disgrace,
He banished him to New Orleans
And set him making lace.

At that his great, dark eyes grew dim, and in his low, mellow, southern voice he said simply, "That sure makes me feel homesick."

And knowing so well all that he was leaving when he left his exquisite old home town behind, and knowing also a little of what that particular kind of sickness can mean, I did not wonder at all at the shadow that dimmed his eyes.

It was as old friends, it seemed, that they later came to supper with us at our hotel. During a pleasant hour after eating, we had more music, and at their united request I spoke some of the poems I had made during our stay in America.

The general favorite seemed to be my four-line verse descriptive of Mich-

igan Boulevard at dusk, the poem with which I "made the line" in the *Chicago Tribune's* "Line o' Type" the day after my arrival in the great city:

Fairy palaces builded
Above the murk and the din,
Of huge blocks cut from the mid-
night sky
With the stars left in.

The remaining two members of the quintet came from Iowa, and when they found that I had spent some happy days in Sioux City with a dear friend, Monsignor McCarty of the ca-

thedral (God rest all Christian souls), they both exclaimed, "Why, that is our home town."

And so, although as strangers from the four winds of the world we were gathered together, when the hour came for parting, it was as friends and dear ones that we said, "Good-by," not forgetting to add after the Irish fashion, "and God bless you."

Where they are located is many miles away from where I live. I may never see them again, but the recollection of our meeting shall remain with me long—a happy memory.



Who Won

Our histories are always written by the English-speaking people, who have an age-old and inherited dislike of the Spanish. So it is not surprising that in these histories England is pretty frequently the hero; the U. S. is always the hero; and Spain is pretty consistently the villain.

Well, I wonder if any nation in the world ever triumphed as Spain has triumphed in our brave New World. England won and then lost our country. France won and then lost Canada. England gained Canada, but left it half French, half English.

But Spain? Well, you go from the Rio Grande to the lowest tip of the Southern Hemisphere and with the exception of Brazil, Spain has triumphed. It is Spanish that is the universal language. It is Spanish that is the temperament and facial characteristic. It is Spanish that is the faith. It is Spanish that is the complete independence and high individualism that marks those lands.

Spanish even more than English is a world language. And it is a world language in a unique sense. The English colonists brought English with them, and often, as in Canada, kept it for themselves. The Spaniards brought Spanish, and however they managed it, they made Spanish the language of the natives of the countries where they colonized. So the Indians speak Spanish. And the Negroes speak Spanish. And, of course, the descendants of the Spanish colonists speak Spanish.

From *Along the Way* (NCWC) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (17 Oct. '41).

Antidote to Prophecy

By JAMES PAUL MILLEN

Thou shalt not make thyself a graven image

Condensed from the *Messenger of the Precious Blood**

Commentators on world events may not be quite sure of what is happening, but they cannot resist the urge to tell what is going to happen: what is going to happen in any event; what is going to happen hypothetically, if England wins or Germany wins, if American aid arrives in full force, if American aid does not arrive in sufficient quantity. We are even furnished with the details, always very clear and usually very frightening.

One often wonders why these minor prophets are not discouraged by their own failure as shown by subsequent history. Dorothy Thompson herself admits that some of her New Year predictions have been "duds." Her dire prediction, announced with apocalyptic fervor, of the dreadful consequences of Nationalistic victory in Spain awaits fulfillment long overdue; and yet she continues to prophesy and threaten with doom a world that does not heed her warnings.

Though most of the commentators would probably smile at the thought of divinely inspired prophecy such as we find in the Old Testament, many of them essay the role of prophet with a self-assurance which none but the divinely inspired prophets have a right to possess. The study of the vanity of man's optimism regarding his own greatest efforts and the failure of his

highest hopes should be an effective antidote to mere human prophecy. And the failure of the prophets of doom, who since St. Paul's time have been predicting the end of the world, should be a warning that the future is known to God alone.

Not long ago there was much excitement in the American political arena over the plan proposed by the Chief Executive to expand the panel of justices of the Supreme Court. The proponents were impatient to achieve great reforms in a brief space of time; the opponents dreaded the thought of upsetting the balance of executive and judicial power. Both sides felt that a tremendous issue was before Congress and the people. One feared the ruin of a much-needed program of reform; the other dreaded the destruction of time-honored precedent which safeguarded our democratic system. The bill which embodied the President's plan was rejected, and the statement of rejection made by the Senate committee ended on the exalted note of hope that never again would the President attempt such an intrusion on sacred domain.

Time passed, death took its toll, and the Chief Executive, by virtue of his longer tenure of office, has appointed a greater number of Supreme Court justices than any of his predecessors

**Carthagera, Ohio. July, 1942.*

since George Washington. He has obtained far more than he could have hoped for through the defeated bill allowing him to enlarge the court. The predictions all failed.

Who does not recall the campaign promises of 1928, with the high hope of abolishing poverty (with the aid of the Republican party and the protective tariff) and providing a chicken for every pot and two cars for every garage? The predictions, I believe, were made in all sincerity, though with little insight into the true conditions of our system and no consideration of the doctrine of original sin. Even the loyal opposition did not dream of predicting millions of men out of work, idle shops, starving workmen, bankruptcy of millions. It is the irony of history that the worst of depressions, displacing abruptly the period of greatest prosperity, followed the period of proudest vaunting. The prophets of that era might well put on sackcloth and ashes and bewail their failure: God alone knows the future.

When the American Expeditionary Force was sent to Europe in the first World War it was with the fond hope of making the "world safe for democracy" and producing a better place for mankind to live and achieve its end. Tyranny was to be destroyed, if not forever, at least for a long time. Had anyone dared to say that within a decade after the peace few nations in the world would still retain a democratic form of government; that within two decades the world would again be at war; that the prostrate foe would be

more powerful, more tyrannical, and closer to victory than the Germany of 1917, no one would have believed him. Had any person said that democracy would be in danger of complete extinction by 1940; that even the oldest and most powerful of all democratic states would evolve before 1940 into what Belloc calls an elective monarchy, he would have been laughed to scorn. Not one of the commentators foresaw such a future.

At the time of the French Revolution a powerful group of propagandists called by the impressive name of Encyclopedists attempted to overthrow the Church, the monarchy and the nobility and pave the way for a world-wide reign of freedom, equality, and fraternity. Great was the enthusiasm: all the superstitions and tyrannies of the past were to be overthrown and enlightened liberty and humanity were to take their place.

"But the victory of the new ideals," says Dawson, "ended swiftly in failure and disillusionment. The atrocities of the Reign of Terror were a grim commentary on the extravagant optimism of the 18th-century reformers. The great apostle of the idea of progress, Condorcet, was himself a victim of the Terror, and the place of the generous idealists and reformers who had presided over the early stages of the Revolution was taken by self-seeking and corrupt politicians like Barras and Rewbell."

We can well imagine the despair of such spirits as Madame Roland, who had devoted all her brilliant energies

to the cause. Borne to the guillotine as an enemy of liberty, she cried, "O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Hearing of her death, her husband, who likewise had devoted himself to the cause, committed suicide. But worst irony of all, the France of the republic, of liberty, fraternity, equality, which was to liberate mankind from tyranny, in a few short years became an absolutistic monarchy under Bonaparte, the emperor of the French and the conqueror and oppressor of Europe. Which of the brilliant Encyclopedists, who had predicted the glorious reign of liberty when both king and priest would be forever destroyed, could have foreseen that the grand Revolution would lead to Napoleon?

Mankind yearns incurably for a golden age, a millennium in which its fondest dreams shall be realized. Human history is filled with these dreams that never came true. But the most poignant disillusionment seems to have been reserved for our own time. It is not that man has not made great advances, but rather that the promise has been so grand and the failure so complete. The 19th century witnessed the climax of man's dream of progress. Some writers, quite aptly, speak of the religion of progress; and this religion

had its apocalyptic promise of glory, not in the world to come but in this life; attainment was not to be through Christianity, but through democracy, science, industry. Men's minds and bodies were to be free. There was to come a complete unshackling of the individual, the race, the world. None dreamed that the spread of democracy could be checked. It was to affect all countries. With it was to come freedom of suffrage, press, speech, religion. A world-wide enlightenment would eventually eliminate war; the ideal was a parliament of nations governing all mankind. Industry wedded to science was to lift the burden from the toiling masses. Mass production was to give the many what only the few could formerly obtain. Free science, research and education were to liberate the mind of man. Socialism hoped to combine all of this with an ideal distribution of the good things of this life. Evolution strengthened the hope of future perfection by revealing the upward march of mankind through uncounted ages of the past.

We need only look about us today to see how dismal has been the failure of human hope and human prophecy. Were we asked to suggest the cause, we could only answer: man has placed his trust in man, rather than in God.



It has long been known that tears to some extent assuage grief, but it seems a recent discovery that vomiting relieves it far more. Every medicine cupboard ought to contain castor oil, and a feather to help its owner over attacks of sorrow.

From Anxiety and Its Treatment by J. R. Dent.

Nurses of Bataan

By ALLEN RAYMOND

Condensed from the New York *Herald Tribune**

The following was written by the former Rome correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* on his arrival in San Francisco June 10 upon completion of a tour, as war correspondent, which included the Dutch East Indies and Australia.

The first group of U. S. army nurses who endured the agonies of American defeat on the Bataan peninsula in the Philippines and escaped at the last minute recently arrived in San Francisco. When our country comes to honor those who have served it well during this great conflict, the army nurses of Bataan must be remembered.

The two Japanese bombings of the hospital at Little Bagio were described to me by Second Lieut. Juanita Redmond, A.N.C., of Swansea, S. C.

"The first actual bombing came on the morning of March 17, shortly after 10 o'clock," she said. "At the time we had 30 Japanese wounded prisoners, whom we were treating with all human kindness, but the Japs didn't see fit to leave us alone. Nine planes came over our plainly identified hospital, which we had struggled hard to make as comfortable as possible for our boys. The first bombs fell on the doctors' quarters, at the entrance to the nurses' quarters, and near the operating room. Several of our corps men were killed and a good many civilian workers and Filipino laborers. I was on duty in the

ward. That was the raid for which the Japanese apologized over the Manila radio, and we really thought at the time it must have been an accident. It was the first raid on the hospital, and we said to ourselves, 'Tojo, we hope it won't happen again.'

"You can't imagine how secure we felt under the red crosses. We had them all over the place, on white sheets on the ground. At that time casualties were increasing fast. They were coming in at the rate of 200 a day. All our quinine was gone. All the sulfa medicines were gone, and treating patients was difficult.

"But a week after the first bombing, at 9:10 A.M., we were bombed again. The first bomb landed near the hospital entrance. These bombs were high explosives. There were three bombers in the first wave, and 15 minutes later three more came over. Five minutes later a third came over and made a direct hit on a hospital ward.

"Right in the middle of the bombing, Father William T. Cummings, the Catholic chaplain,† walked into the ward.

†Father Cummings is a Maryknoll missionary who hails from San Francisco. He was kept in this country in administration work for 12 years after ordination, due to a back ailment. A month or so before Pearl Harbor, he wrote his superiors from Manila, asking for a change to South China because he found life in the Philippines rather quiet.—Ed.

*230 W. 41st St., New York City. June 12, 1942.

"He said: 'Boys, that was tough, but let's pray to God they don't come back.' He stood there praying with his hands in the air. He prayed for about five minutes and then another wave of bombers came over and the bombs began to drop. One fell only a few yards from him, and a piece of it broke his arm and cut him about the shoulder, but he never stopped praying and his voice didn't falter.

"We were all crying. It wasn't till the last bomb fell that Father Cummings finished his prayer. I couldn't hear what he said, because I had my head down under my desk, but I could hear his voice. When the last bomb fell he turned to another chaplain who was standing beside him, and said, 'All right, partner, take over. I'm wounded.'

"He certainly saved a great many lives that day, because if he hadn't come in and told the boys to stay by their beds, a good many more would have run out into the open than did, and they would have been killed because the Japs came down and machine-gunned people who were running.

"It was terrible. Our hospital was demolished completely. Patients were blown up into the trees and their bodies were hanging there when I went out. It was all in the jungle, the hospital was. All the beds were demolished except for one small section. In between the bombings, I remember, in the orthopedic section where patients with broken legs and arms were tied up in plaster casts, one of our corps

men went along and cut the ropes that bound the patients in place, so they could roll out of their beds to the ground. Two of our nurses, Rosemary Hogan and Rita Palmer, were wounded, but not seriously. They were ordered to Corregidor, and the rest of us set to work immediately rebuilding the hospital."

It was somewhere in mid-Pacific that I first talked to these nurses, first to an extremely pretty one, 27 years old, Irish as Killarney, with smoky black hair, pale skin and big blue eyes.

Some idea of the conditions under which these women were "seeing it through" was given to me by Second Lieut. Eunice Hatchett, of Lockhart, Texas. She was in Base Hospital No. 1, at Limay, close behind the front lines until it had to be evacuated as the Japanese advanced. In the American metropolitan sense, it was no hospital at all, because it had no building. It was all in the open air, under the trees of the jungle, except for a few stray pieces of canvas covering selected spots.

"Before we were evacuated," she said, "we had 3,600 beds and 7,000 patients. At one edge of the hospital there was a cemetery, where we buried the dead, and before we left there were 3,100 burials. We had only a few tents, and we put one or two men in each of our 20 'wards' for the most seriously wounded cases. We lacked mosquito nets badly. All the beds were less than a foot high, so we had to kneel down to tend to our patients if we did not want to break our backs by bending constantly during the long shifts.

"There was a single stream near by and it was put to every conceivable use by the thousands of people in that neighborhood, including Filipino civilians. Some of these did the hospital laundry, and did it in that stream. Fortunately for us, it was not the rainy season, but the dust was a constant nuisance. We got some natives to throw water about the beds but it dried out quickly.

"There were swarms of mosquitoes, particularly what we called the 'two-engine bombers.' These are the kind that spread malaria. We had flying ants every evening at dusk, but of course the worst pests were the bombers overhead. Their sound never ceased.

"All the nurses had to wear regulation olive-drab men's army uniforms or overalls, which were sizes too large for us, and men's shoes. I'll never be able to describe how much filth and dirt and dust there was. If patients got a change of linen once a week they were lucky. Only the most seriously wounded got a change every two or three days.

"Our latrines were horrible with filth, as we had no way of keeping them clean but had to fill them up with earth when they got too terrible. That made the place swarm with flies. When the boys brought up the food in big buckets for the wards, the flies would swarm down from the latrines.

"We couldn't for some time even take a tray up to a patient without the flies swarming into it and dysentery cases went up tremendously, until an inspector general arrived and got us

some fly traps and strong lye solutions with which the latrines were burned out daily. After that the dysentery and malaria cases diminished.

"What we usually had to eat was rice, sometimes made into a cereal with raisins and sugar. Once the boys went out and killed some wild pigs and we had a ham dinner. We had caribou to eat, and after March 9, when they began killing off the horses and the mules, we had horse and mule in our stews. That was much better than caribou."

These nurses did not leave their posts until the night of April 8, a few hours before the capitulation on Bataan peninsula. Then, as the Japanese had pushed through the American lines to within a few hundred yards of one hospital, they were ordered to go aboard a small steamer some miles away, which would take them across a 4,000-yard expanse of water to Corregidor.

This trip was described to me by Second Lieut. Dorothea Mae Daley, of Hamilton, Mo., about as follows: "At 8:30 P.M., as I was getting ready to go to bed after a long day, the head nurse came in and told us to get ready to leave right away, carrying only what we could in our hands. We prepared pillow cases or barracks bags with a few belongings. We didn't have much to pack.

"For some hours we'd been hearing continuous rifle fire. I went to see a doctor, who was only my own age, but who looked then like a broken old man. He was quivering and shaking

and said, 'I can't believe it. I can't believe it's possible.'

"We knew then that Bataan was falling, and everybody was like that, because we'd believed all along that some day help would come. The patients didn't know we were leaving. Doctors and chaplains who were staying, started to give us home addresses, asking us if we got home to tell their folks they were all right. They gave us little personal trinkets to take along. Someone brought out a bottle of whiskey he had been saving to celebrate the arrival of reinforcements, and nobody'd had a drink in months.

"Finally we got away on a truck with a sergeant in charge. We ran into a convoy of soldiers about ten miles long, all on their way to the wharf at Mariveles. We picked up hitchhikers, soldiers who told us the Japs had broken through all along the line, and their officers had told them they were on their own, and should get back to Corregidor if they could.

"The firing kept getting closer and closer and there was shell fire in it, going over our heads. The road was full of civilians, too, and crying children who'd gotten lost. Our sergeant had been instructed to try to get around the convoy if he could, but a military police officer wouldn't let him, and we were stopped at one place for an hour; I was so tired I went to sleep and somebody gave me a helmet for a pillow. I didn't wake up till 5 A.M., and then there was no sound of explosions. The noise of our motor starting awoke me. Some time afterwards we stopped

at Little Bagio, where the driver asked an officer at the hospital there what he should do. We were due at Mariveles at 5 A.M., and it was already past that and we'd only gone half way.

"Then the bullets began to whistle around us again, and the explosions started. We couldn't tell whether the bullets were from rifle fire, or whether near-by ammunition dumps were being blown up, as they were. We started forward again and reached the Mariveles dock at 6:45 A.M., April 9. The ship on which we were supposed to go had left, all filled, for Corregidor.

"Someone said that was the last boat, and our chief nurse said that if we were going to have to stay we had better go back to the hospital and be taken prisoner with our own group. The sergeant refused to take us back, saying he had orders to bring us here.

"Then the Japs came over and dropped some bombs around the dock, but they didn't hit it. There were some nice stone culverts near the dock, and I crawled into one and went to sleep. I was so worn out it seemed that all I wanted to do was to sleep. At 9:30 another small steamer came over to the dock and we grabbed our things and ran down to it.

"We got on board and I went to sleep again. By that time some of the soldiers had started to swim toward Corregidor, though the waters were filled with sharks. Some of them made it, but many did not."

Through several hours of pandemonium, as rear detachments of the American troops leaving Bataan were

blowing up ammunition stores, and while the guns of Corregidor were having a duel with Japanese artillery brought up to the peninsula, Miss Daley slept aboard the boat.

Her companion, Miss Redmond, told me of the spectacle Miss Daley was missing. "Two dive bombers came down and dropped bombs close to us, but did not hit us," she said. "Back of us, at Mariveles, the army was blowing up its ammunition. Both the Corregidor and Bataan shores were all smoke and fire. It took us two and a half hours, zigzagging and drifting, to cross to Corregidor, which is normally a half-hour trip. To cap the climax, when we reached the shore there was a small earthquake, but we all gathered up our belongings and ran to the tunnel."

Shortly before the fall of Corregidor,

these nurses were taken by plane from that fortress to Australia by way of Mindanao, parts of which were already in Japanese hands. The nurses with whom I crossed the Pacific included, besides the three narrators of this story, Miss Florence MacDonald, of Brockton, Mass.; Harriet G. Lee of Boston; Sue Downing Gallagher, of Petersburg, Va.; Mary Lohr, of Johnstown, Pa., and another whose name is withheld at her own request. She said her sister was a prisoner of the Japanese and she was afraid that if she said anything the Japanese might harm her sister.

The 85 army nurses on Bataan were all successfully evacuated to Corregidor, but from there according to latest reports only 30-odd escaped. The remainder must be assumed to be prisoners of the Japanese.



As Others See Us

Inside the church the paint was faded and there was no sign of any gold leaf, but the Santa Maria shrine was full of flowers, and her clothes were freshly washed and ironed. After I had gone in, some noisy American tourists came in, too. I slid to my knees before the Virgin's shrine as I heard them coming, and stayed there until I heard them leave. As I got up, a hand, as horny and black as an eagle's talon, gripped my shoulder, and I found myself facing an old man with eyes that glinted like sunlight on a dagger.

"What is your country?" he whispered fiercely.

For a moment, I was tempted to call the tourists back.

"*Los Estados Unidos, Señor,*" I gasped.

"Are there, then, Christians in the U. S.?" he asked.

"*Sí, Señor,*" I said. "There are some Christians." The hand upon my shoulder bone relaxed.

"Great is the power of God," the old man murmured, as he turned away.

From *The Mexican Touch* by Edwa Moser (Duell, Sloan, 1940).

West Meets East

By DANIEL HANNIN, S.J.

The high in low

Condensed from the *Eikon**

India, the land of the rajahs and the howdah, the country of the Bengal Lancers and the bearded Sikhs, the home of immemorial customs and unbreakable castes, is a land of mystery. The temples, the tea groves, the picturesque pageants have been described by European writers, but only a few have penetrated or analyzed the eastern mind. The ideas behind the mask of eastern passiveness, the emotions seething beneath the placid face are rarely caught by any westerner. This partly explains the magnificent failure of Sir Stafford Cripps' mission to India. Cripps was not one of them, his thoughts ran in different channels, his viewpoint differed as much as his dress or the color of his skin.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the first lady of Asia, who perhaps of all present-day people bridges the gap between the Oriental and the Occidental, said, "The West must revise its ideas about the East." There have been men who did metaphorically grasp that intangible substance, the eastern mind. They understood the full significance of that trite phrase, "Other lands, other customs." Lawrence of Arabia is the outstanding example of our generation. A better example was Father Roberti di Nobili, an early 17th-century adventurer of the cross. He became a Hindu of the Hindus, a Brahmin of the

Brahmins, an Asiatic of the Asiatics.

Father Nobili, a Roman nobleman, nephew of the illustrious St. Robert Bellarmine, left his native land and like Sir Stafford Cripps went to India on a very important mission. He was filled with zeal and was determined to overcome every obstacle. He had been trained in the renowned schools of Rome; his talents had attracted the attention of the European universities. Such a man was a fit instrument for the task of bringing to the Brahmins the word of God. After a long and tedious voyage he landed at Madura, eager to lay his tenets before the noble Hindus. Father Fernandez, the local missionary, sadly checked the impatient young man. "It is useless laboring here, the people will not listen to us. The Brahmins will not accept Christianity because they claim that it is a European religion. The lower castes always follow the lead of the upper."

In the days that followed, Nobili, like Cripps 300 years later, realized the truth of Father Fernandez' words. Was his mission going to be a failure? Would he return to Rome and tell them that the Brahmins were unconvertible? He discussed the whole question with Fernandez just as Cripps must have talked over the situation with his colleagues. "Father, why will the Brahmins not listen to you?"

*1355 Basin St., Montreal, P. Q., Canada. June, 1942.

"Well, Father Nobili, I am a Prangi, a Portuguese; then, I eat meat; I mingle with the lower castes. The Brahmins are nobles; they admire extreme penance and prodigious learning. To attract their attention it would be necessary to become an outstanding penitent, to be a Sanskrit scholar, and to separate oneself from every other class of people. A man must become one of them."

"Father Fernandez, there is only one thing to do. I'll become a Brahmin. My family belongs to the nobility, and with God's grace I can surpass them in abstinence and learning."

Here the parallel between the recent political mission and Nobili's ends. Nobili bade farewell to his brother missionary and started a career destined to startle all Europe and to leave an indelible mark on history. Dressed in the long robe of the Brahmin, head shaved in the accepted style, face marked with the caste insignia, he shut himself up in a near-by cave. For a year he applied himself to the study of Tamil, Telugu and Sanskrit. An intellect trained in the Scholastic terminology buried itself in the sacred Veda books of the noble caste. In his modest cave, an altar and Mass accessories, his breviary and the ancient books of Hindu lore were the only furnishings. Once a day a native boy placed a plate of rice before the entrance. The rumor spread from bazaar to bazaar, from city to city, in the manner of the East. As Nobili knew, his deed was magnified. A learned Brahmin became a Master of European Brahmins, a holy man be-

came the Sinless One. The members of the high caste reasoned, "This man is one of our class. We can talk to him without fear of degradation." Father Nobili had already begun to enter into the eastern mind.

The second year was the beginning of his apostleship, the first actual discussion of his mission. Visitors from far and near called at the cave. They found a man, dressed in the saffron robe, whose face flamed with zeal and displayed the marks of austerity. His words were eastern, his thoughts, his ideas were the same as their own. He used the courtesy, the fawning language of the period, the rigid rules of etiquette. Nobili's knowledge of their language, his acquaintance with their sacred books surpassed that of any other Brahmin. From their Veda he discussed fundamental theology. He showed how their ancestors, who had written these books, believed in one God, a place of punishment, and one of reward. To his visitors Nobili was not a foreigner attempting to impose strange rites but one who spoke their own language and understood their difficulties. With this key he was able to open the door to the spiritual life of India.

The growth of the Church in Madura brought up a serious question for discussion. It is a problem always present in religious, political and social life when the West meets the East. Should the Brahmin converts be allowed to retain their dress, their traditional caste marks and the other little traits that separate them from the lower so-

cial groups? Nobili had investigated each custom with the help of learned converts. He found that there was nothing pagan or superstitious in the long, braided hair, the cord over the left shoulder, the wooden shoes or the pearl earrings. The dress of European nobles differed greatly from that of the poor peasants, and the long curling locks of the Cavalier were not found among the poor people. Even in our day, custom and tradition have kept alive many quaint and outmoded fashions in clothing. Nobili looked upon these small things as indifferent matters and he tolerated them.

Nobili's ideas did not meet with universal approval in India or in Rome. Rome was agog with rumors: Roberti di Nobili had apostatized; his Brahmin converts retained their idolatrous customs. Learned prelates read the Indian letters with critical eyes. The Brahmins marked their faces, they wore cylinder hats, they refused to eat meat. The fiery little Cardinal Bellarmine wrote his nephew a strong letter telling him to remember he was a Christian. Even Nobili's brethren in India censured him for carrying things too far. The storm calmed down after a few years. Bellarmine apologized for his former hasty words, after the Pope, who had quietly let things run their course, gave Nobili his approval.

For 42 years the saintly missionary clung to his post. During this long period he was denied the fellowship of

his own race, he practiced the severe penitential life of a Master Brahmin and met opposition from pagan and Christian alike. Whenever the Master Brahmin left his cave it was in a manner befitting his rank and the veneration due to a teacher. He was carried in a palanquin covered with tiger skins. Inwardly he often smiled when he passed his own Religious brothers, men whom he had once known. No word of recognition could cross their lips. It was the code of the East, understood by all India.

Father Nobili averaged more than 5,000 converts a year until blindness and old age caused him to retire. As Damien 200 years later was to say, "We lepers," so Nobili came to say, "We Brahmins." This Madura mission founded by Nobili counted over 150,000 souls at the end of the 17th century. Even in the darkest days of persecution the yearly increase of converts never dropped below 3,000. The work spread far beyond the boundaries of Madura until it included the missions among the Moguls, the Nestorians, the Bengalese and the peoples of Cambodia and Siam. After the death of the celebrated Christian Brahmin, martyrs such as John de Britto and the illustrious scholars Beschi and Coeurdoux added fame to the labor of the first Brahmin missionary. In far-away Ceylon, the blind Nobili went to the Heavenly Country where there are no castes, no Sanskrit nor pariah language.



The Missioners Stayed

By JOHN J. CONSIDINE

The greater love in China

Condensed from the *Field Afar**

"Me for America!" said a businessman to a missionary in Shanghai. "The U. S. A. is the one safe spot on earth. Good-by—I'm going home." The missionary stayed.

All American missionaries in China are staying. There are over 600 of them distributed in 16 of the 18 provinces. They have withstood a thousand air raids, seen their cities besieged, gone to the wounded and dying. The ceaseless tide of war refugees has poured through their doors. Together with the Catholic missionaries of 18 other nationalities in China, they have kept faith with their people.

North, Central, and South China have practically equal contingents of American priests, Brothers, and Sisters, with a slightly preponderant number in Central China. The figures, so far as we can determine, are 220 Catholic American missionaries in North China, 277 in Central China, and 187 in South China.

Early in the Sino-Japanese war, the coastal provinces of North China were occupied by the Japanese. Americans were in the thick of things. There were almost 50 in Peiping, and 124 in Shantung province. "I advise you to leave," wrote the American consul.

"Thanks for the advice," answered priests and Sisters, "but we are staying." As the Japanese advanced, the

Sisters moved into the cities, kept behind the walls while guns thundered, then went back to their posts.

"Father Clementin came in this evening," reads a letter from Chowtsun, from Sister Louise of the Precious Blood Sisters, of Red Bud, Ill. (Father Clementin is an American Franciscan.) "Is it Sisters, or is it your ghosts?" he cried when he saw us. 'I thought you were gone.' 'Not gone,' we replied; 'we merely stepped aside to let the fight go through. Now we are back.'"

Father Clougherty of the American Benedictines was early appointed a leader in relief work in Honan province. The Benedictine Sisters, of St. Joseph, Minn., and the Sisters of Providence, of St. Mary of the Woods, Ind., met the troop trains and dressed the fetid wounds of the thousands of Chinese moving back from the front.

As the Japanese advanced through Honan, missionaries over wide areas were uprooted. "For a while our Honan Sisters lived a regular gypsy life," reports Sister Margarethis of Techny.

"After the two latest visits of bombing planes to Sinyanchow," reads a typical message from Honan, "hundreds of wounded were brought to our hospital. Priests, Brothers, and Sisters went into service to render first aid. The people crowded into the mission

*Maryknoll, N. Y. June, 1942.

compound and are living in the school buildings.

"Our little hospital stood amid the surrounding ruins. Sister Adela was there, working coolly though covered with dust and debris. A near-by patient cried out, 'Sister Adela saved my life.' The wounded poured in. What a pitiful crowd! One boy sobbed, 'All my relatives have been killed. I am left alone.' A woman related, 'There were five of us in a field. A bomb burst; my four companions were killed.' Another reported, 'More than 30 people were in a shed. I tried to squeeze in but they would not let me. A bomb struck the shed and all were killed.'"

Since Pearl Harbor six of the Techny Fathers in Honan have been interned, but the remainder are free. No news of the scattered Americans in Shansi, Shensi, and Kansu is available.

Some 50 American missionaries were in Shanghai and Nanking when Japan and the U.S. declared war. Those within the Japanese lines are interned, but many who have the freedom of their immediate neighborhood continue to carry on. All are veterans of war's horrors, for this entire area witnessed bitter fighting. The largest single group in the province is that of the California Jesuits. A typical Nanking diary of the war months reads: "Fifty-one planes today. . . . Ninety-six planes in four raids today. . . . We radioed America for relief in the Shanghai and Nanking war areas. I don't see how we can possibly get these thousands of summer-clad refugees through the winter. . . . The Jacquinet Zone, estab-

lished just before the bombardment of Nantao, is the center of attention. Priests, scholastics, and Sisters of all nationalities go to help Father Jacquinet, S.J., care for the 250,000 poor in that neutral section. The sights are pitiful; and the food, clothing, and health problems acute. But willing workers pitch right in, keeping their eyes peeled for the dying. Baptismal water flows freely."

Over 100 American priests, Brothers, and Sisters are in the triple cities of Hankow, Wuchang, and Hanyang of Hupeh province in Central China.

First there were the casualties from other warring sectors. "Doctor Fou and our nurses were called out to meet the trains carrying wounded soldiers," says a letter from the Sisters of Charity, of Mt. St. Joseph, Ohio, who conduct St. Vincent's Hospital in Wuchang. "The trains stopped long enough for the dressings. Some of the wounds were green for want of attention, some men had eyeballs hanging out, others were moving about with lungs exposed."

Then came the attack on the Wuhan cities. Wounded from near-by fields were brought in. "They came hobbling on crutches, they were carried on coolies' broad shoulders," writes Father Shackleton of the Columban Fathers of Omaha. "They were laughing, they were moaning, they were indifferent. Some lacked an arm, others a leg. It was a pitiful procession of the halt and the maimed. It was a nightmare of human suffering."

"It is frightening here in Wuhan,"

wrote a Sister of Charity. "Gruesome sights! We are walking in blood."

"There are simply no words to describe what I saw for the next few hours," writes Sister Leonarda of the Sisters of Loretto, of Nerinx, Ky., speaking of another raid. "Sister Nicholas says that war is the devil's butcher shop; it deserves the title. We simply waded in human blood for hours—even the walls were spattered with it. When we went home during the night, supper was waiting, but who could eat, or who could sleep?"

South of the Hankow neighborhood is Hunan province, where there are 50 Americans who know the cost in suffering of the battle of Changsha. Bishop O'Gara was caught in the fight for Hong Kong and is in that city now, but through four years of war he worked with his Passionists in Yuanling. The Sisters of Charity, of Convent Station, N. J., have lost two of their members from typhus, one of war's afflictions; they have also seen their schools and convent bombed and destroyed by fire.

"Schools were opened in a refugee camp where there were neither benches nor books—only the pupils and teachers," writes Sister Teresa Miriam. "Difficulties seem to have put new life in young China. As far as we know, all phases of our work are in full operation today."

The Sisters of St. Joseph, of Baden, Pa., had a hospital in Yuanling. After it had survived 30 raids, a great bomb blew it to pieces. Sister Catherine describes her feelings as she came back

from the dugout: "I stood dazed, looking at the crater the bomb had made in the flower bed. Oh, the irony of it! Only this morning I had scolded a coolie for stepping on the geraniums! The hospital was demolished. Near me stood the returning patients. The bad-arm case was telling the eye case that there was nothing left."

In Kiangsi province, a great Vincentian field, there are 60 Americans. There have been bombings there, but fewer attacks. At Kanchow the compound of the Sisters of Charity, of Emmitsburg, Md., was shaken up but not destroyed. "A bomb hit just opposite the laundry," wrote one of the Sisters, "and the ceiling fell in the big ward of the hospital. Luckily the patients rolled under the beds, but one poor woman was scalped and found dead. Our boy who was out with the cows came back, fearful of punishment because one cow was killed. We told him we thanked God he was safe."

Fukien province has 40 Americans: Dominican Fathers and Sisters. "I am usually in the dispensary when an air-raid signal sounds," writes Sister Rosaire of the Dominican Sisters, of Columbus, Ohio, "and with the others we dash for the public dugouts. There is an advantage in this—I've learned to know everyone in the neighborhood. They embarrass me by insisting that I take the safest spot, but I try to pay them back by attending their sick."

Sister Carlos describes the bombing of the Kienow convent school: "A direct hit. The new buildings, put up

after the last bombing, were demolished. Three others lost their roofs, one its side. The children's dormitory would remind you of a Swiss cheese, so many holes in the walls and ceiling. The children's pastime is bringing us pieces of shrapnel."

A small group of Franciscan Missionaries of Mary were the first Catholic Americans to work in Szechwan province and in Chungking, China's wartime capital. Now over a dozen Americans are in this part of the country, sharing in its air raids and helping to bind its wounds.

"Our hospital patients are satisfied with two bowls of very clear rice soup each day," writes one of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, whose American headquarters are in North Providence,

R. I. "They know that the situation is critical, and that they would be better fed if rations were obtainable. Our hearts ache at such misery. Infant mortality is high, for the little ones cannot withstand the ravages of hunger, disease, and interminable hours in foul shelters."

South China's Americans are almost exclusively Maryknollers—187 of them. Here, too, the missionaries have stayed on—amid the rain of bombs in Kwangtung and Kwangsi provinces. Priests have been wounded, property destroyed during the harvest of great good that has followed from the sowing of great evil. But all these have their place in the picture of Catholic missionary America in China during the crucifixion of war.



Russian Camp

Arch Steele and I were put under the charge of a Russian colonel. He ushered us into a car early one morning and off we went. It was a long trip. The country outside of Kuibyshev was dreary, and two days of warm rain had melted the snow and made the roads sticky mud tracks. A few miles outside of Kuibyshev we passed one of the big concentration camps reserved for political prisoners. Beyond that we saw a long line of them working on a new road. There were about 800 of them. They were swinging pickaxes and wielding shovels, and on their faces there was no sign of hope. A few soldiers with rifles guarded them carelessly, for there was no place for them to run to. Steele and I looked at each other and winced. Of course it wasn't as bad as the convict labor I'd seen in our own South, because these prisoners weren't shackled and they didn't wear stripes. We winced, I think, because these 800 prisoners were all women.

From Only the Stars Are Neutral by Quentin Reynolds (Random House, 1942).

Religion and Patriotism

By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

The warmed serpent

Condensed from the *Sword of the Spirit**

The great heresy of the 20th century is political. It is not new; heresies seldom are. The apostles found themselves confronted with it when they were establishing the Church. It is over 600 years since in 1324 the lawyer, Marsiglio of Padua, published the claim that all good came from the civil power, and only harm from the Church. His book, diligently read by Thomas Cromwell among others, foreshadowed what the 16th century accomplished. From the divine right of kings, as the emancipated sovereigns established it, the succession passed to the modern states and to the men who think and talk of the people's will as their ancestors talked of the royal will, as an absolute not subject to any law. In the name of the people, modern dictators claim much more than did the kings.

The fashion of our century is an extreme reliance upon state action. We live in the aftermath, and among the effects, of an age of extreme economic individualism, and it is quite natural that the pendulum has now swung far the other way. But in getting rid of economic man by substituting political man we are only exchanging one tyrannical Procrustean bed for another, one crippling and inadequate conception for another. Under the reign of

the classical economists, men were looked upon as mere units of labor.

It is the same with the new political man. Where men have no religious doctrine as a framework, there is a vacuum into which political ideas expand, swelling to monstrous sizes. The true idea that a man is a citizen, that his citizenship is a great part of his humanity, and that the state has just claims upon him may be easily pushed by the irreligious into the false idea that men are no more than citizens, that their membership in a political society is the only thing that gives them significance. In Germany, Russia and Japan, theories are officially supported today by which the abiding political society is everything and the transient individual nothing. We may call the German and Russian theories heresies, because they arose among Christian peoples who had gradually lost their hold on certain great truths of Christian thought. In their own more commercial way, the English, too, as a nation, have let slip a great part of their Christian inheritance. The greatness of the time we live in lies in this, that we are called to fight for precious things we had let drift to the back places of our minds and hearts.

Such is the hopefulness of men, so

* *Bulletin No. 44. London, England. As reprinted in the Lamp, 102 Ringgold St., Peekskill, N. Y. June, 1942.*

attached do they become to their habits, that they did not consider the war of 1914 as the beginning of immense happenings, but as a violent temporary dislocation. They comforted themselves during the ordeal, then as now, with talk of sunlit uplands a few years ahead. I remember how at Oxford in 1920, the war being two years over and the world very uncomfortable, Mr. Churchill, a leading member of the government, putting the best face on things, drew a parallel from the Napoleonic wars. After Waterloo, he told his young hearers, there was all manner of distress. The harvest of victory did not come at once. It came later. It came in the 1830's he said, in the dawn of the great Victorian age. And our harvest, he cried, is not now; it will come in the years before us, in the 30's and the 40's of this century. Well, it has come; and in nobler and more religious accents the same statesman faces rougher seas, and we are all the stronger for being freed from the illusions that dominated us then.

I do not think there could have been a Sword of the Spirit movement in the last war. There was no sufficient readiness on the part of men to question the comfortable dogmas of 19th-century culture. The slogans both of war and peace were very much the same. The war was declared to be a natural prelude to a better time for all, and statesmen presented it vulgarly as a kind of election campaign which would enable them to deliver the finest goods if they were faithfully supported. But at a level deeper than that

at which public men live and act, passions were loosed, institutions were undermined, and the war proved a mighty solvent. To those with the 18th-century faith that man is naturally good and that it is his institutions which make him bad, all this was progress. They rejoiced to see the board swept clean in Germany and all the monarchies swept away and only a universal electorate left as the repository of power. It took just 14 years for them to realize that they had swept and garnished the house for Hitler, and his associates, and that in seeking to make things easy for good men they had made them easier still for bad men. Hitler could not have emerged in medieval Germany. Wherever he might have tried to obtain a following he would have found strong institutions, grounded in the authority of religion, barring his path. But now that the princes had diminished emperor and Pope, and the liberal enlightenment had diminished the princes, he had only to win the affections of an army of rootless and lost atoms and he became to them, in promise, all that they had lost; and men who had abandoned the ties of family and Church bound themselves heart and soul to a Führer. It was not all, not most, of the Germans, but it was a great host of them, sufficient for the affliction of mankind.

The philanthropists and the easy optimists about human nature might have saved themselves from much error if they had reflected that there is no such thing as humanity in the abstract, that every man is placed in time

and place, and that every nationality or tribe or family, like every generation, shows forth in its own special ways, more or less blatantly, the corrupt inclinations that are in man.

The mission of the Catholics of the world, but principally in Europe, the historic home of the faith, is a mission of liberation. The creed which describes mortal men as miserable sinners is the creed which vindicates their rights; for a miserable sinner is much more than a unit of labor and much more than a political subject.

To defend the rights of religion is to defend not the interests of a particular religious society or group of societies—the Church, or as men say here, the churches. It is to defend the Ark of the Covenant, the institutions in which the idea of man upon which our civilization depends is enshrined and protected. It follows that the true patriot everywhere will never imagine that his country can profit from the despoliation or the denial of religion. Every country needs the existence of religion in the world, and of universal religion uniting peoples. It is the very condition of civilization. The great injury that the Germans inflict on their neighbors today is not merely a physical oppression. What is as bad is the way they have shut themselves up in an exclusive racial creed according to which right and wrong cannot mean the same thing for a German and a non-German. It is the negation of the basis of European life.

Yet the temptation is often strong, even for Catholics, to make this first

great loyalty to the truths of religion secondary in their minds to something else that they love, a political idea, or a desire to see their own country more important.

In his Lenten pastoral the Spanish bishop of Caschorra in Castile has spoken out boldly to the Spanish Falangists, who claim to be conspicuously Catholic, but who easily forget the interests of the Church in Europe if the championship of those interests conflicts, as it does today, with their program for the enhancement of Spain. He declared, "We Spanish Catholics know by our own experience how sad it is for Catholics of other countries to appear indifferent, whether through lack of information or as a result of political influences, to those who are suffering persecution for their God and their faith. Let us not fall into the same error as that which we previously found so grievous in others."

He calls on them to manifest a Catholic solidarity which does in fact today subsist and which shows itself through riven Europe. Everywhere the Christian voices—the Protestant ministers of Norway, the Catholic hierarchies of Poland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, the Orthodox patriarchs—all bear an identical testimony that essential rights of man are being trampled under foot. This is a natural unity of believers. It should not need to be welcomed and pointed out. Let us never forget that the Church is older than any of the states of Europe, came before them and made them, and that Europe is Europe because it is the home of Christians

and Catholics underneath the raging passions of modern nationalism. In this unity of fundamental outlook and nowhere else we may detect the means of transcending the deep and bitter divisions which keep in destructive enmity men whose limited exclusive loyalties can never meet.

The citizen is not even serving his country best when he makes a religion

out of patriotism. Men need to have an allegiance to beliefs beyond the jurisdiction of any state; for only such men can live at peace in a larger society than the nation-state, and can maintain that larger society which is as necessary to the healthy life of any people, to its peace and growth, as is the large fresh air to the lungs and life of men.



War Bonds

The future well-being of the American people depends to a considerable extent on the methods by which money is raised for financing the war. It is desirable in every sense that as much of this money as possible be raised through purchase of war bonds and, further, that an extremely high percentage of bond purchasing be done by individual investors and not by commercial banks.

The buying of bonds by commercial banks tends to increase the supply of money available to the public whether this increase takes the form of cash, or deposits, or both. There is more money to spend, but in a war economy there are fewer things in the stores on which money can be spent. The demand for things to buy increases, but the necessity to convert the consumers-goods industries to the making of implements of war causes the available supply of goods to decrease. If such a condition as this were allowed to develop unchecked the result would be a vast number of people with money to spend, bidding against each other in a market which offered too small a quantity of goods to go around. Prices would rise as the money supply grew and the goods supply shrank. That is inflation, and that is the situation which threatens us today.

We cannot increase the supply of available goods as we would in normal times, for our factories are needed for war production. We can cut down the supply of money. The purchasing of war bonds in large amounts by individual investors rather than by commercial banks is one of the ways in which this important aim may be achieved.

The Cleveland Trust Company Business Bulletin (15 May '42).

Music for the Circus

By ROSE HEYLBUT

Condensed from the *Etude**

On the high trapeze, a pair of aerial performers swing through their routine of intricate tricks. Necks craned, eyes wide, the audience watches intently. Somewhere in the background of their watching, the people are conscious of the soft, swaying rhythm of a waltz-time accompaniment. Suddenly the band shapes a marked crescendo in the music. Immediately there is an increase in audience awareness; a sharp salvo of applause rings out. And the management of the circus knows that audience reactions are running true to form. The trick that called forth the outburst of clapping may be no more daring than the routine preceding it; but the change in the music produces an emotional response. That is the purpose of circus music.

Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey's "greatest show on earth" considers music as important as any of its stellar acts. The selection of musical numbers and the preparation of musical continuities receive as much care as any of the drills. In the acts themselves, care and precision may mean the life of a performer; in the music, they mean the life of the show. Music is an integral part of the circus, creating atmosphere, binding the acts together, heightening suspense, pulsing as the vital heartbeat of three and a half hours of fun.

Ringling's music department is com-

posed of distinguished experts. John Ringling North, the president and producer, and nephew of the founder of the circus, is a gifted amateur who practices wood winds for his own amusement; while Robert Ringling, the executive vice president and son of one of the founders, holds the degree of Doctor of Music and ranks among America's most eminent operatic artists. For 13 years he was leading baritone of the Chicago Opera, earning distinction for his portrayal of Kling-sor, Kurvenal, Beckmesser, Telramund and other roles of the Wagnerian repertoire. Assisting Messrs. North and Ringling are Bert Knapp who designs the musical continuity and is responsible for much of the orchestration; Sam Grossman, arranger and orchestrator; and Merle Evans, superbandlemaster, who has conducted the big show's band for 24 years without missing one of the two-a-day performances.

"The modern circus strives to better the old vaudeville pattern of simply playing one act through as rhythmic accompaniment and then following on with the rhythm of the next," Mr. Ringling tells you. "Our goal is the shaping of a continued score, with the plan, purpose, and climaxes of a full musical show. Our music must be more than a mere obligato. It interprets the spirit of the acts, suggests

*1712 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. July, 1942.

changes and contrasts, and shapes a continued pattern. As nearly all of the 200-odd numbers blended into our score are taken from familiar music, the compiling of the score demands the greatest care. First of all, of course, each number must fit the rhythmic needs of the act it accompanies. But that's only the start. From among all the rhythmically suitable numbers, we choose those that are expressive as good music and that keep to the traditions of the circus.

"The big production numbers, like *The Parade of the Holidays*, *The Marriage of Gargantua*, the Spanish number, are worked out first. Here the music must definitely capture the meaning of the spectacle by awakening memories and associations in the audience. *The Marriage of Gargantua* uses *I Want a Girl*, the Wedding March, and *O Promise Me*, climaxed by 'wow-wow' mutes. In the Christmas music, we run the gamut of Yuletide emotions, from *Jingle Bells* to a dignified presentation of *Adeste Fideles*. Religious music in a circus? Certainly! It rounds out the emotional continuity of Christmas associations, which is exactly what we want."

Weeks of drill are devoted to the musical continuity of the individual acts. The performers themselves do not choose the music that accompanies them.

"In assembling acts from all over the world," says Bandmaster Merle Evans, "it is possible that several performers might want the same tune or that European performers might ask for for-

eign airs that would mean nothing to our public. In order to avoid any such difficulties, we take over the selection of the music ourselves. We choose suitable themes, or 'strains,' as they're called, running anywhere from 16 to 64 bars each according to rhythm and color.

"Routine acts call for their own set rhythms. Horses need gallops and quadrilles. For an aerial act, we use a dreamy waltz of marked and continuous rhythm and without crossbeats or conflicting rhythms within the strain. Any good, catchy tunes in those rhythms will answer. Acts are planned and rehearsed without music. The accompaniment is added after the routine is in perfect order—and the curious thing is that no matter how good an act is, it still looks like a rehearsal until the music goes in; that rounds it out to finished performance. The important work, of course, is the timing. Each swing of the trapeze, each prance of the horse must be perfectly synchronized. I always stand with my back to the band as I direct, alert for the least split second of variation in the rhythm down in the rings.

"The timing of the human acts gets to be simple after 24 years' experience. Animal acts always keep you on your toes, because animals, especially horses, recognize musical forms as well as rhythms. If a horse is used to turning and bowing at a chord signal, he'll slip into that routine whenever he hears the chord—even if it's in a new piece and has no signal value at all. To the audience, of course, it seems as though

the animals were following the beat; in reality, the music follows the act. Seals have no musical gifts at all! They toot their tunes on signal. The wild-animal act of Albert Court—the greatest animal trainer in the world—is so well timed that it never varies more than a bar or two from score. Each step in the progress of that act is timed from the ring. As the moment of climax arrives, a bell in the cage is rung so that I know exactly when to come in with the fanfare.

"Since circus performers are only human," Mr. Evans continued, "it can happen that the best of them sometimes miss a trick. When you see that happen, it's a genuine miss, not a gag or a stunt to make the trick look more difficult in its final accomplishment. As seldom as it happens, I am constantly on the alert for a possible miss. Then we go back and pick up the music at the start of the trick that was muffed. Our entire score is fitted together in a big book, with all the cues marked in. That makes it simple to find our way back to the beginning of any trick in any routine.

"Cuing the score is a vital part of preparing the season's music. Once the selections are chosen, they must be fitted together according to the time duration of the strains. This fitting is worked out by modulations. It would sound monotonous if the score were all in one key, and much of the effect would be lost. When a new act begins, when a great production number enters, when an emotional lift is needed, we modulate. Five arrangers and or-

chestrators work out the full score. When tunes are changed, it is not necessary to advise the performers. We work out a new musical routine, according to the required accents and rhythms, and simply put it in."

The current edition of Ringling Brothers' big show carries the first elephant ballet ever to be staged. Fifty elephants, in fetching ballet skirts, perform a dance routine designed by the master choreographer, Georges Balanchine, and set to music by Igor Stravinsky.

"The elephant ballet was John Ringling North's inspiration," says Robert Ringling. "It represents a condensed version of what one might see at any ballet. There is Weber's *Invitation to the Dance* and the *Dance of the Hours* from *La Gioconda*, performed by ballet dancers, and then, as the climax, comes the 'modern' note: Stravinsky performed by elephants! Balanchine worked out the dance pattern and sent it to Stravinsky, with a request for exactly four minutes and 15 seconds of music. It is immensely tricky music for a band: it is high in key and works in elaborate changes of rhythm. Each act in the circus has its own climax, and the ballet climax is unique."

During some eight months of the year, the big show goes on tour. Fourteen hundred performers, musicians, crew workers, and a fully equipped medical unit, together with animals, equipment, costumes, and scenic properties, travel the country in 90 railroad cars, split up into four complete trains. The performers make their homes in

the cars. During the remaining four months, the troupe is hard at work at the Ringling winter quarters at Sarasota, Fla. The crews have lodgings on the lot while the performers occupy houses in town. In winter, the wagons are painted, scenery is touched up, new acts are broken in, and old routines drilled. Practice goes on every day, all day. New acts are secured through scouts who are sent all over the world to spot material. When a new act appears with the big show, it is by invitation, issued on evidence of performance. The same is true of the bandmen. The 30-piece band is staffed by trained, seasoned musicians. Some are veterans of Sousa's band; some are symphony men. Not every band or symphonic player is qualified to do circus-band work. Besides the routine requisites of solid musicianship and instrumental and theoretic training,

the circus bandsman must possess exceptional alertness and the ability to adjust, without preparation, to any possible alteration in rhythm, style, and color. Just as the circus scouts keep themselves posted on possible acts, so Merle Evans makes it his business to know the individual aptitudes of thousands of bandmen. When his band needs a new member, he does not have to advertise or hold auditions; he knows the man he wants.

And once a performer joins the big show, he lives a regular and wholesome life. The meticulous precision of the acts demands vigorous health, perfect control, strong nerves, and straight thinking. Slovenly habits and displays of "temperament" are notably absent from circus routine. Unequalled for its fun and thrill values, the "greatest show on earth" represents 12 months a year of unremitting hard work.



Time to Retire

In 1852 the expulsion of the Jesuits from Ecuador was decreed. In 1863 the Congress authorized the Jesuits to reestablish institutions of learning in Ecuador, with full and entire liberty to employ their traditional educational methods. The Jesuits, inured to reverses in the school of experience, stipulated in the agreement with the government which allowed for their return to Ecuador, that "in the event, altogether improbable, that the government suppresses the Company of Jesus, the members of the Society will not be deported or dispersed except after the lapse of eight months after the day of suppression."

*From Church and State in Latin America by J. Lloyd Mecham
(Univ. of N. Car. Press, 1934).*

Milkweed

Cream of the crop

Condensed from the *Christian Farmer**

The war has led scientists to turn to the lowly milkweed, regarded as a worthless, sticky pest in the past, as an aid in solving many war-made economic problems. And they have found it a "gold mine."

Who would have thought several years ago that this insignificant roadside weed had qualities, that when developed, could save one from drowning, produce the toughest kind of cloth, provide urgently needed rubber, be turned into high-grade paper, yield a fine quality of oil, and so on indefinitely? Many farmers, instead of fighting the milkweed, will soon be nourishing and developing it as one of their most valuable crops. Besides its many uses commercially, the plant is useful in erosion control, and can be grown in wasteland areas considered otherwise unproductive.

This country has been importing annually about 10,000 tons of kapok floss from Java, Ceylon and the Dutch East Indies, lands in the Far East now under Japanese control. Ten thousand tons does not appear to be a great deal, but when one considers that it takes only three pounds of this floss to keep a 150-pound man afloat for days, it is easy to see that 10,000 tons of it is no small amount. Milkweed floss is even more buoyant than kapok, and is needed by our navy, merchant marine and air force. Seamen's jackets, lined with the

floss, are said to be lighter and warmer than those padded with wool. Milkweed floss can be delivered to American markets far cheaper than the kapok, and still be profitable to the raiser. In many instances, the milkweed floss can replace cork, most of which has been imported from Spain: Germany now gets Spain's cork exports. Pilots could wear flying suits made of milkweed floss. The suits would be six times lighter and still be warmer than the wool ones they now use, and if they fell into the sea, the flying suits would act as life preservers, keeping them afloat for 100 hours. The floss can also be used in pillows for persons allergic to feathers, and many other uses for it have been discovered. A milkweed gin has been invented to separate the floss from the seed.

The seeds contain more oil than the soybean. In fact, the seed is 21% oil, useful in paints because of its semi-drying property. Even the seed pods have a value, producing 5% rubber and 5% wax. And after the rubber and wax have been extracted, the rest of the seed-pod fiber is excellent for making paper.

The most important part of the plant is the stalk, which contains three different fibers. One of these fibers is 92% cellulose, comparing favorably with cotton, which contains 94% cellulose. This fiber can be used for such prod-

*Wilton, Wis. June, 1942.

ucts as rayon, paper and gun cottons. An acre of milkweed, it is estimated, could produce 1,000 pounds of cotton. Chlorophyll, the green coloring matter in plants, previously imported at the rate of 100,000 pounds a year from Germany, is also extracted from the milkweed.

Previously published surveys of the weed's usefulness have included this warning: don't dash off and plant acres of milkweed. Industry will first have to develop processing plants in favorable areas, that are otherwise considered wasteland. The first of such plants will be erected in northern Michigan.

Until such time as industry is geared

to handle the processing of the various fibers in the plant, farmers might find it advisable to sow the plant for water and wind erosion control, and thus familiarize themselves with it. The milkweed's roots go down seven feet. Once planted, it comes up annually for seven years; it is immune to insect attacks. Planted on ground shorn of topsoil, perennial grasses can be sown among rows of milkweed, the soil held in place by the weed's roots, and the grass will in a few years again develop a layer of topsoil. Meanwhile, the milkweed can be cut and sold each year, providing a cash crop while the soil is being rebuilt for other useful crops.



First in the Field

Spain was not only the cradle of European medicine but also the foremost European contributor to New World medicine. Salamanca University antedated Oxford. Spain had led the countries of the world in establishing schools for the deaf and the blind and in founding (at Seville and Valencia) asylums for the insane. The *Mayflower* carried no ship's doctor; the vessels of Columbus, Cortez, Balboa, and Mendoza did.

By 1565, Gonzalo de Oviedo y Valdés published an encyclopedia on medicinal plants of the New World. In 1571, Francisco Hernandez made a scientific expedition to the Americas. A third of a century earlier, in 1538, on the island of Santo Domingo, the University of Santo Tomás had begun teaching medicine. By 1580, 27 years before John Harvard was born, the University of Mexico, inaugurated in 1553, had a chair of medicine. In succeeding centuries, other schools of medicine began to appear throughout Spanish America; at Lima in 1621; at Caracas a century later; at Havana in 1728; Bogotá, 1758; in Chile in 1756; at Quito in 1787; at Buenos Aires in 1801; in Guatemala, 1805; and so on. And in the field of public health and sanitation, notable and durable work was being carried on by the Jesuits in South America and the Franciscans in Mexico long before the birth of the Virginia colony.

From *Ambassadors in White* by Charles Morrow Wilson (Henry Holt, 1942).

The Daughter I Gave to God

By a mother

Giving has two edges

Condensed from the *Mission Helpers Review**

Dad and I are alone tonight. And even as I gaze across the room, I know that memories only must be my companion this evening, for that dear gray head of his is nodding in blissful slumber over a crumpled newspaper.

Our large house is strangely quiet. Where are the little feet that ran across the floor, filling the atmosphere with childish voices and laughter? They were such darlings, my Jim, Miriam, Teresa, Ann and Pat. Somehow, almost imperceptibly, they grew into manhood and womanhood. I did not quite realize they were all gone from the old place we called home until my Pat, looking almost like a boy in a uniform, took me in his strong arms yesterday to say good-by. He was leaving for Los Angeles to take up his new assignment in the U. S. army air corps. When at last his footsteps faded away, and the warmth of that last embrace chilled into grim reality, I suddenly felt a great wave of loneliness and emptiness, which I suppose every mother must one day feel.

Yet, strangely enough, I have a firm conviction that of all who have gone, Miriam alone is very close to me; Miriam—at whose departure I was so grieved. I know that in a little chapel far away from here, the child whom God asked of me kneels in prayer for those she has left behind; and her

prayers have knit us so closely together that I feel I know her far better now than in the years when she sang and danced around the house.

Jim was the first to leave. Graduating from medical school, he went down South to do research work in bacteriology. Then our Teresa unexpectedly came in one night, all shy and blushing, her heart in her eyes, and I knew then Bob Albright would soon claim her. Naturally I leaned on Miriam.

Then came the storm! Out of a clear sky one autumn night, Miriam announced, "Mother, I've been wanting for ever so long to be a nun. Would you mind very much if I entered Dec. 8?"

Would I mind? I was too dumbfounded to speak. I knew Miriam too well to present any arguments, but at length I gave vent to the rebellion that arose within me. When had she conceived this new idea? Why hadn't she told me sooner? In what Community was she interested? The Mission Helpers in Baltimore! Never heard of them! Why go so far away? Weren't the Sisters in the parish good enough for her? At last, with a great shade of annoyance, the tears falling fast, I asked hopefully, "Miriam, you really aren't serious, are you?"

She laughed and kissed me. "Mums, you'll be so glad after a while. I've al-

* W. Joppa Road, Towson, Md. Spring, 1942.

ready made plans to enter on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Come on. Be a sport. Say you're glad."

But the resentment grew. I could not share her father's happiness and delight at having one of his daughters a Religious. To me it seemed as if Miriam was stepping out of my life forever; and seeing her dad so contented and pleased only served to increase my displeasure.

Miriam's reception day came, and I did not go to see my little girl become the bride of Christ. I thought I could not bear to see those bright curls all lost to sight beneath the somber veil. It was the sudden death of my darling Ann that finally brought me to the daughter whom God asked of me to serve Him as a Religious.

Ann had an attack of appendicitis, and within 24 hours, my last little girl at home died. Brokenhearted, I sought consolation. Jim was abroad pursuing his research work; Teresa was busy with her little ones; and Pat was still so much of a boy. It was then I turned to Miriam, and in that first visit, I knew that "the child you give to God is the child you keep." She met me with a look of such peace and happiness as I had never seen on the face of any of my other children. We talked for a long time. Under her deep understanding and true sympathy I found myself laying bare my soul's worries, my grief, my cares, my problems, probably all enlarged in view of Ann's sudden death.

Gradually each trouble disappeared as the nun beside me unfolded the beauty, sweetness and peace in the age-old mystery of God's loving providence. It was the first time I had ever come spiritually close to any of my children. Later, as I knelt in the chapel, I knew that however blind I was to the fact, Miriam was really God's gift to me. All the anguish, bitterness and resentment I had felt at her entrance into religion vanished like smoke in a high wind.

Since then the passing years have only served to increase the bond of companionship. If happiness comes in an unusual way, then Miriam must share it. If there is a puzzle to be solved, Miriam always finds a way out. If sorrows and cares appear, it is always Miriam easing the pain.

Of course, with Pat's joining the air corps, Dad and I are again where we started so many years ago—just the two of us. Alone? Yes and no. My children have indeed been blessed in life. Jim is a professor in an eastern university; Teresa and Bob have four lovely children; Ann stole an early entrance into heaven; and we are indeed proud that our Pat is in the service of his country.

But tonight, more than ever, I feel Miriam is very close to me. That is why she, now that all my children have gone from the old home, seems nearer than the rest. That is why I must repeat, "The child you give to God is the child you keep."

I Am Very Rich

These spring from the spirit

By EDWARD DOHERTY

Condensed from *The Sign**

I am one of the richest men who ever lived.

I travel a good deal, and I have a home wherever I happen to stop. Some of these homes are palatial. Some are just comfortable places, and I may visit them only once in a long while; yet all are kept immaculate and ready for me. Hundreds of servants maintain these shelters, even when I am far away; hundreds of chefs are preparing menus for me, no matter where I am; for I might drop in unexpectedly at any time.

I own thousands and thousands of acres that have been turned into parks and golf courses and playgrounds, and hunting and fishing preserves. And the men who maintain them and guard them for me are legion. Wide sandy beaches I own in Maine and New York and Jersey and Florida and Oregon and California and Texas, and in the states that border the Great Lakes; beaches I seldom visit. Most of them I have never seen, but I know they'll be ready for me when I arrive.

I travel by motor, usually, and in an American-made car. Engineers and draftsmen and master mechanics in my employ built it for my pleasure and equipped it with all the latest gadgets; and wherever I stop I have men to service it.

I am a busy man, much too busy to

bother with the details of government; but I have a corps of trained men, experienced lawyers, tried statesmen, and intelligent patriots, who look after my interests not only in the national capital at Washington, D. C., but in every state capital in the country.

And I am much too busy and lack the means to inquire into public affairs as thoroughly as I should, though events here and there may affect the course of my business, my career, my very life. Therefore I make use of a small army of foreign and domestic correspondents, men in the thick of things, men in every part of the world. They report to me constantly, by radio, cable, letter, telegraph and telephone. No emperor, prelate, or potentate of any kind ever had such efficient, accurate, unbiased, courageous or clever correspondents. Whatever the difficulties, dangers or censorship, the news comes through to me, and shapes my policies, ideas, actions and opportunities.

Medieval princes made use of jesters when they were bored. Modern kings resort to the command-performance idea, or slip into an opera house occasionally, and sit in some secluded box, heavily guarded. None of that for me. I hire the greatest comedians in the world. The big names of Broadway and Hollywood are on my payroll.

**Union City, N. J. July, 1942.*

And the stars of the legitimate stage are eager to play for me too, whenever I call for their talent.

I enjoy as my own dozens of great orchestras and bands, and they play classic music for me, if I wish; or rouse me with spirituals, or blues, or swing-tune, or Dixieland, or Boogie Woogie, when I want American music.

Miles and miles of picture galleries are mine, old masters with centuries of history in their unfading colors, modern art, statues of the old Greeks, and of up-to-date Yankees, curious doodads from Assyria and Babylon and Egypt and Paris and London and Newark, N. J.

I own libraries. I have one in every big city in the U. S. And I have others in small towns and villages, in localities that few people have ever visited. Thousands and thousands of books are mine—millions of books! I cannot read them all. I cannot read any great number of them. But I keep a staff of book reviewers. They tell me which books are good, which are better, which books I might like to read. And I have other men and women who read the magazines and newspapers for which I have no time, and digest the articles for me.

Hospitals, clinics, laboratories and doctors work unceasingly for the protection of my health and the prolongation of my life.

I have an interest in the witchcraft of chemical workrooms, in munitions factories that are turning out weapons to protect this land and all that is mine therein, in engineering projects to cre-

ate cheap electric power, reclaim soil, or blast roads through granite hills.

I have an interest in transportation: in streamlined trains, the fastest and most comfortable trains on earth; in electric ferries; luxurious buses; taxis that are air-cooled in summertime and heated in winter; sailboats, and Diesel-engined craft; in the great majestic carriers of the sea; and in the silver fleets that cross American skies.

A man so rich must be well guarded; and I must say no man in all history has been more sure of ample protection for his property and reasonable security for his life. I am armored not only against thieves and murderers, but also, so far as possible, against bias and persecution and the malice of those who do not think as I do. Tremendous rights are guaranteed me, and great liberties—to preserve the least of which uncounted millions of my fellow men would gladly give their lives.

No man was ever so blessed by God with material abundance or wealth of spirit; no man ever was so surrounded with tangible and intangible comforts and opportunities and benedictions.

And, despite my wealth, it costs me little to live. The men who work for me, the designers, draftsmen, scientists, engineers, mechanics, pilots, librarians, correspondents, readers, and tradesmen; those who spend their time and energies tending to the whims of my palate; those who keep my parks and playgrounds; those who fashion and manufacture my clothes; and all those who guide and tend and educate my children: these people are no financial

problem at all to one who is as rich as I.

You don't have to be a financial genius to be as rich as I am. You don't need a lot of money to live as fully as I live. You have only to work a few hours a day, as I do, to enjoy your riches. In this most wonderful country of God's making, any average American

can call himself the prince of millionaires. He has only to take inventory of his possessions, as I have done, to see how tremendously rich he is.

Money? I haven't much of it. I don't need much of it. Yet, because I am the average American, I am as rich as any man who ever lived.



In Good Spirits

It is many generations now since men have been talking about and looking back to an England, a lost England, "Merrie England." In that England people wore gay colors, they danced, they sang "Hey nonney, nonney," as we only make ourselves fools when we try to sing it. There may be conceivably some economic historians who imagine that England was "Merrie England" simply because the poor had enough to eat, and because fields and cities were lovelier than they are now. People really do not dance merely because they have enough potatoes. They dance because God has given them enough potatoes. If God-less Russia became well fed, it would not thereby become Merrie Russia, but merely well-fed Russia.

"Merrie England" was merry because it had a sense of security, at times often even a too great sense of security, and it derived that sense from the Spirituality, a government which could not fall no matter what were the shortcomings of its officials. Trust in the Spirituality made peasants dance. It made intellectuals dance, too: the former with their legs, the latter with their thoughts. It gave More freedom to laugh even at good things (such could not be shaken). It was the cause of all revelry, even of too much revelry. It gave to Wolsey his too-long train of velveted followers, his self-indulgence, but also, too, his deathbed repentance.

From Thomas More by Daniel Sargent (Sheed: 1938).

Wartime Neuroses

By WALTER FREEMAN, M.D.

Condensed from *Hygeia**

With the bombing of open cities, the machine-gunning of helpless refugees, the inevitable dislocations in living practices that must occur, the ever-present threat of death and the knowledge, by means of radio, that battles are in progress over broad fronts with the issue in doubt, the tremendous emotional strains that accompany modern war are felt by those who remain at home as well as by those in the services.

Either the conditions of modern warfare are not quite as bad as they seem, or the human race must be changing, for neuroses among the civilian population show a definite decline during war. Dr. Robert D. Gillespie, who recently flew from London to this country to lecture, cited numerous instances of extraordinary aplomb amid the most terrifying conditions. When an air-raid warden went to warn an old lady that a time bomb had just landed and might go off at any moment, the lady asked for time to get her apartment in order. When the warden protested, she replied rather curtly, "Well, you wouldn't expect me to leave the apartment in a mess like this, would you?"

Even among impressionable children the threat of death raining from the skies has apparently had little effect, provided their elders maintain a calm demeanor. Indeed, the little ones

go right on playing their games with planes and bombs, shooting each other with sticks and pushing their tanks about the room in imitation of their older brothers. Even in industrial establishments the rate of absenteeism in England was if anything lower during air raids than at quiet times. As far as the flying forces were concerned, Gillespie said that there were so few psychiatric casualties that he had to close down a large hospital and turn over the plant to the ground forces. The admission rate for neuroses was something like 1.5% per year among the flying officers. Most of his cases were anxiety states with rare hysterical reactions. Ordinarily the fatigue neuroses were relieved satisfactorily by a week in the country amid cheerful surroundings. If the officer went home to a complaining wife who counted the planes as they came overhead, or to one who was too clinging and too fearful herself, the results were not satisfactory.

Data on the neuroses in other countries are not available, and it is possible that national temperament develops more neuroses outside of England. The few bits of news from the captive countries, however, mention the privations and anxieties for the future, but nothing about neuroses.

Since this paradox exists, namely,

*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. July, 1942.

that fatigue, privation, fright, malnourishment, disturbed rest and all the other deleterious factors in connection with war seem to result in improvement of mental health rather than in a flood of neuroses, it is of interest to examine the circumstances and to inquire into the compensatory or fortifying influences and their effect on the sensitive person.

First and foremost comes the difference between big things and little things. It is the little things of life with their constant provocations that bring us to distraction, whereas we can always find the requisite strength within ourselves for facing major cataclysms. Such little things as the choice of a dress to wear, the menu for dinner, which movie to see, how to answer a certain letter—these are the things that require the balancing of this against that and really demand more mental energy than the straightforward choice of going to safety in a shelter or waiting for the bomb to fall from the sky.

Second is the difference between anticipation and action. We are psychologically constituted so that the anticipation of the future is always more horrendous than any actuality. The molehill builders and the bridge crossers, while almost perpetually uncomfortable in normal times, find that they are surprised into action with little or no mental effort once the time for action arrives. This factor is of importance in the handling of a catastrophe, since it is well known that whatever happens, action, action and more action is needed, even if action can do no

particular good. Catastrophes give people a chance to do something, to pursue a policy of activity, even though the activity is useless.

Third is the burning passion of hate—energizing, purifying hate for ruthless aggression, that burns away the mists of petty self-centeredness and causes the individual to band together with the stranger, or even with his erstwhile enemy, for the common welfare. Hate is the response of a person who has been startled from his complacency by some fearful experience.

The fourth point concerns organization and discipline. In normal times we jealously guard our freedom, even though this freedom includes freedom of choice, which is difficult and mentally fatiguing and therefore productive of neurosis. In emergencies people look to their leaders for leadership and organization. Their confidence rises when they find themselves members of a group. The feeling of "belonging" is an important factor in the emotional stability of the individual. Almost equally important is the feeling of responsibility for the safety of those making up the group. Rapidly there develop leadership, organization and discipline, and the individual acquires stability from the thought that he is useful to others, a necessary cog in the machine. Doing what you're told to in a crisis, even if it is only carrying water in a tin cup from one pail to another, is definitely solacing to the nerves. Furthermore, the more imaginative and intelligent people, the potential neurotics, forget themselves,

rise above themselves and become leaders of their less imaginative fellows.

Another factor contributing to emotional stability is spiritual organization, the feeling of being a child of God, that whatever happens is of little importance since God is always watching. "God's will be done" is the unshakable answer to catastrophe. Fortunate indeed is the person who develops this faith.

Finally, there is the consideration of self-sacrifice. Only the stolid can remain quietly at work, tending crops and machines, reading the papers and going to movies, playing with the children and watching the stock market when hell breaks loose in the form of invasion or air raids. Those of us who can remember the fervor of the last war and the spirit of self-sacrifice that pervaded the vast majority of the people then, will look for the same spirit and stamina to make themselves felt when things get really hot over here.

One might gather that I would almost consider war a good thing in itself, on account of its buoyant effect on the spirits of the population. Let us say, rather, that if some substitute for war could be found which would have the same elevating effect without the necessary destruction, a great advantage would be gained. However, we have yet to find an effective substitute for war in welding the people into an effective whole, a fighting machine devoid of nerves. To sum up, in the present crisis we have little to fear from mass breakdowns. Neuroses will occur in the susceptible, but probably

less frequently now than in peacetime.

There is a good deal of the caveman left in us. Our forefathers were equipped with better muscles than ours, and their rather simple brains reacted to dangerous situations by the simple expedients of fight or flight. Their bodily economy was adapted to such emergencies, and the adrenal glands went into action with a pep dose of adrenalin. Adrenalin, when injected either by the gland itself or by needle into the blood stream, speeds up the heart and raises the blood pressure, increases the acuteness of vision and hearing, opens the passages to the lungs, reduces the blood going to the skin and stomach and increases the amount reaching the brain and the muscles. Thus the person is prepared internally for emergency action externally. Man gradually learned that security depended on playing a waiting game, waiting until the enemy exposed himself or made a move, economizing on the outpouring of energy until the proper moment and then making good a planned attack or escape. But the adrenals would not wait. In response to the danger situation they would pour forth the energizing secretion. Then, if neither fight nor flight were forthcoming, that pep dose turned on the person himself, as it were, bringing with it all the nervous reactions of anxiety, such as palpitation, throbbing, tremor, irritability and dyspepsia. Whereas the caveman used his muscles and burned up the adrenalin, the modern person carries his adrenalin home with him, with re-

sults none too happy for himself or his wife!

The moral is this: if the flood of neuroses after the war is to be averted, measures are in order now to build an organization to burn up the surplus adrenalin that will continue to be secreted after war needs are past. The key is action. The great development of sports in the interim between the two wars has been of inestimable advantage in relieving nervous tension. Those nations—the Czechs, Finns, Germans and Russians especially—that took the lead in national sports after the last war have profited greatly in the sturdiness of their nationals. The Czechs, it is true, were sold down the river, but the Finns gave a good account of themselves and the Germans did extraordinarily well until they came up against the Russians.

With us in America and with our British cousins there has been too much emphasis on spectator sports, and while a man may secure an outlet for his emotions by yelling, "Kill the umpire!" it is not as relaxing in the long run as a sandlot game in which he participates himself. The key to mental health is bodily vigor, a principle which was recognized by the ancients as "*mens sana in corpore sano*."

The labor-saving devices of the machine age give too much physical leisure for unhealthy thinking; therefore some steps should be taken for encouraging physical activity outside of working hours. A definite program should be worked out along broad lines to develop sports for the millions. This is the best method of preventing wholesale neuroses after the war.



Five minutes after the first bomb fell on the Philippines the first casualties were brought to the hospital and from then until we were evacuated from Corregidor months later there was no more leisure for army nurses.

Mass was said daily in the two improvised hospitals on Bataan, one of which housed at one time over 7,000 patients, and afternoon services were held twice weekly. There were enough chaplains for all the services required of them, and even as the hospitals became more and more crowded no one was left without the ministrations of a priest; not a single Catholic died without the last sacraments.

Lieut. Dorothea M. Daley quoted in an NCWC dispatch (12 July '42).

A Hero's Hero

By CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

Sky pilot pilots the pilot

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions**

In the gray, predawn light of one morning last March, three U. S. navy PT boats slipped quietly along the palm-fringed shores of Iligan Bay in the Philippines. From the bridge of the leading boat, its powerful Packard engines throttled down to a whisper, the black-bearded skipper of the little fleet anxiously scanned the shore. For three days he had been eluding the hot pursuit of two Japanese destroyers; now with food and water supplies practically exhausted and several of the men seriously ill, it had become necessary to risk a landing. Would they be welcomed by fifth columnists or Filipino friends, or could they hope to steal up to the hills unnoticed and return with food and water?

A hand signal from the skipper and the engines of the PT boats were cut. In the silence a motorcar could be heard running along the beach road. It shuddered to a stop; a figure in a white cassock got out, came running down to the shore and began to hail the boats in a voice that immediately relaxed the tenseness of the situation. It was an American voice, friendly. A moment later the black-bearded skipper and the man in the white cassock were shaking hands on the beach. It was the first meeting of two great heroes of the war.

Recently, one of these heroes, the

bearded skipper—now beardless and known to millions of Americans as Lieut. John D. Bulkeley, whose torpedo boats were the terror of the Japs—returned home to receive the clamorous applause of a grateful nation. The Sunday before the big New York welcoming ceremonies began, Lieutenant Bulkeley and his wife were discovered going to Mass at St. Teresa's church in Queens. Newspaper reporters who knew that neither he nor his wife was a Catholic, asked the meaning of the visit. Lieutenant Bulkeley replied that this was his tribute to a hero he had left behind in the Philippines, a young missionary priest by the name of Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., of Iligan.

Later in the same day, to Sally, Theresa and Anthony Cervini, who visited the lieutenant to obtain news of their missionary brother who has been in the Philippines for six years, he said, "Your brother is the real hero. When I get to see the President I'll make it a point to recommend him for the work he did for us."

This was not just an off-hand gesture of gratitude, to be made and then forgotten in the honors that were being showered upon him by the people of the nation. New York had given him and his junior officers, Lieut. Robert Kelly and Ensign Anthony Akers, its noisiest demonstration with a ticker-

*257 4th Ave., New York City. July-August, 1942.

tape parade up Broadway to Times Square. But he had not forgotten the hero he had left behind in Iligan.

"I made up my mind that when I got to the States I was going to tell the world about Father Andrew Cervini," he said, and one could see by the warm glow in his expressive brown eyes that here was a subject particularly dear to him.

"My first meeting with Father Cervini occurred about March 15. We had to do practically all of our raiding by night because of the threat of enemy airplanes. We could outrun any of the fastest ships the Japs had and we weren't afraid of dive bombers. We shot down several of them at the beginning of the war. But a high-altitude bomber could spot us and report our position, so we had to keep out of sight during the day. Around about the middle of March we had a brush with three Japanese destroyers and they began to chase us. For three days we eluded them. Finally, our small supply of food was gone and our water down to the bottom, so we simply had to put in somewhere to replenish. Several of my men, too, were sick. We knew that it would be a risk but we had to take it.

"We picked Iligan Bay in northern Mindanao, not knowing what we would run into because there was always the danger that some fifth columnists would spot us and give our position away and we would be trapped in closed waters. We pulled into Iligan Bay early in the morning. It was just getting light. We made our way

along the shore, hoping to see someone friendly to us. Fifteen minutes or so after we had picked out a lonely place, we heard an automobile coming along the beach road and wondered who it was. It turned out to be Father Cervini. When he saw us he stopped the car and ran down to welcome us. Man! was it ever good to see an American; and Father Cervini was so warm in his welcome that it went right to our hearts.

"Father Cervini's old station wagon was loaded to the gunwales with coffee, cigarettes and food, which was really a miracle because we had communicated with no one. He told me that he had heard our engines in the bay and just guessed that it was us and prepared. The men jumped on the food and drinks like ravenous wolves. He insisted that all 15 of us go up to his house, where he loaded us with more food and cigarettes. He gave everything to us. Then he insisted on taking care of the wounded.

"One of the advantages of meeting Father Cervini was that he knew that our stay in Iligan had to be unknown to any one. He took every precaution and saw that our boats were hidden, and while we were at the house only he and Brother John J. Doyle, S.J., waited on us. What impressed me most about the whole thing was that Father Cervini did everything with his own hands, cooked the food, waited on table, nursed the wounded. This allowed us to really relax, something we badly needed to do after our long stay at sea.

"My men and I had been on half rations at Bataan and less than half rations on the PT boats. We hadn't had much to eat for days and we were dead tired, but at Father Cervini's place we felt at home. Most of us slept in what Father Cervini called his church, but, believe me, it certainly didn't look like one to me. It was open on all sides.

"I stayed several days but my men remained longer. I went out to do some scouting and then came back to take the whole fleet out to do some more raiding.

"This time we went towards Cebu. We felt strong and refreshed, and it was there we had our greatest victory. We ran into the bay and sank a Jap cruiser. We were in a mighty tough spot during the fight. The cruiser fired several salvos at us with its 6-inch guns. We could feel the heat of them as they passed over us and one of them took the superstructure off Lieutenant Kelly's boat.

"Well, we got out, and headed again for Father Cervini's place which is about 150 miles away, being pursued all the time by Jap destroyers. This time we had several wounded due to the brush with the Jap cruiser, and by the time we reached Father Cervini's place several of the men had bad cases of dysentery and malaria. Again we were welcomed as before and Father Cervini took care of the wounded, dressing their wounds with his own hands. By this time also he had a lot of other work on his hands. There were 15 American army officers with him and he was feeding them, just as

he fed us, working night and day.

"We operated from Father Cervini's place for about a month: it was the time of our most successful operations in the Philippines. Among other things we did besides sinking Japanese ships, was to take General MacArthur out of Corregidor so that he could get to Australia to command the forces of the United Nations, and also to pick up President Quezon and his party. These were all hazardous expeditions and I don't think that we would have been able to do them without the help that Andy gave us."

At the beginning of the interview Lieutenant Bulkeley had been referring to his missionary friend on Iligan Bay as Father Cervini. When he heard the interviewer refer to him as Andy he asked if it were permissible to call a priest by his first name. Told that those who were close friends sometimes called priests by their first name, he continually thereafter referred to him as Andy.

"On my last trip to Iligan we stayed a week. We had spent our last torpedo sinking a Japanese ship. We had no ammunition and no gasoline left and there was no possibility of getting more. There was nothing else for us to do but obey orders and go to Australia. We flew out from a field in Mindanao about April 15. Before I said good-bye to Andy he told me that he was going into the army. I sure hope he got in."

Asked what he thought were Father Cervini's chances of safety now that the Japs were very probably in his dis-

trict, his face became very grave and then he said, "Well, I don't know what the Japs will do when they come to Iligan but I know what Andy will do. He's a real hero and I know that he will act like a hero in the face of anything they have to offer.

"I sure hope I get to see Andy again. Do you ever send your missionaries home from the Philippines?" When he learned that Jesuit missionaries are not sent home from the foreign missions unless they are too ill to work, he said, "What a man!"



When is a lamp not a lamp

Science and Man

By H. P. NEWSHOLME, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P.

Condensed from *Blackfriars**

To put personal feelings aside in dealing with the world of nature is one thing; to set them aside when considering man at any level above the merely physical is quite another. To look consistently and logically with the intellect alone, divorced from the heart, at the principles and conduct of men is to run the risk of disastrous error. People, whatever else they be, always are persons, not pawns to be moved to the right position, or blocks to be carved to a more pleasing shape.

Even within the strict domain of science of the natural order there is a risk of error inherent in the assumption that the natural world is the province of science, and that the supernatural is beyond its scope. A science which limits its concern to the natural, even if at first from humble recognition of its incapacity to deal with the supernatural, can all too readily illus-

trate the old saw of "Out of sight, out of mind." This it can do, first, by sliding into a forgetfulness of any aspect other than the material one, and then by assuming and acclaiming that its view is all-embracing, and that there is no other aspect than the material. It distorts the outlook of science even within its self-selected domain of the material. That can be deduced from what would have followed, had science applied its own principle of intellectual search to the ultimate causation of the material world. It would thereby have found the fact of a God who is Creator and Sustainer of the universe. Given that recognition of a supernatural Being, above all and in all, underpinning the whole of nature, living or inanimate, science's own gift of honest thought would have shown that conclusions derived from the purely natural world must always be subject to

*49 Broad St., Oxford, England. June, 1942.

correction in the light of the supernatural Being on whom that world is dependent. A science humble in this sense would not exclude the miraculous. In man it would so recognize the reality of that hidden range of being as to reject all conclusions infringing the dignity of his personality or the true freedom of his will, because in these that deep element within man comes most nearly to the surface.

A glance may be given to the most specific concern with the individual and social mind shown by the young but growing science of psychology. I refer particularly to that corner of psychology occupied by psychoanalysis, so often eyed askance through the unpleasant and largely fantastic sexual interpretation to which it has been subjected. Despite this, Freud deserves well of his fellows for the insight which he has provided into the fact, and into some of the contents, of the subconscious and unconscious levels of the mind. But the materialism which, in part from his scientific training, Freud showed in his interpretation prevented him from going far enough. He gave some of the truth, but not the whole, and not the most vital of the truth. For while it can be granted that the subterranean levels of the mind contain those unfaced crises of choice and decision refused by the will and rejected into that limbo of the subconscious which may be haunted also by primitive urges forbidden to civilized man, these levels of the undermind contain something else, or rather, Someone else, of infinitely greater sig-

nificance. For the transcendent God can use the underground passage of the subconscious to reach that inward portcullis of the mind which must then be opened by the man's own will if God is to enter.

When we pass from the mental orientation of society to its physical life, we find humanity incalculably in debt to science for lifting from its shoulders a vast burden of bodily disease and pain, and for defining a code of conduct for the maintenance of recovered health. To get some slight notion of the benefit bestowed, one has only to think of the myriads who have been delivered from death or from a crippled life by a few individual scientific achievements. Among such are the association of malaria with the mosquito, the tracing of the life cycle of the malarial parasite, and its destruction by quinine; the relation of yellow fever to another species of mosquito; of sleeping sickness to the tsetse fly; of typhus fever to the louse; of plague to the rat flea. Consider how the chemist and the physiologist are glorified by the discovery of salvarsan, with its specific action on the gravest of man's scourges, syphilis; or by the more recent demonstration of the power of the sulfonamide group of substances to starve and slaughter within human tissues many varieties of intensely dangerous bacterial invaders of man! The discovery of vitamins, a quarter of a century ago, has revolutionized the science and art of nutrition.

Even in this outstandingly successful sphere, however, a blind spot can be

detected in the ordinary outlook of medical science, which sets itself to heal a man of disease, and, having healed him, goes on its way rejoicing, conscious of a good work. Now, is that necessarily all that it should have done? A good work has without doubt been done, and the man's energies, till now absorbed in his fight against disease, have been released for fresh expression; but in what direction—for good or for evil? Will his renewed health necessarily react to the good of society, or may society come to curse the science which healed one who, being healed, has become the enemy of his race? Clearly there is needed an outlook beyond mere natural healing. For the whole, sane man is required the supernatural use, in the right direction, of man's released energies. That may not be the function of science itself; but it must not shut its eyes to the larger issue, and must be concerned to direct the man healed on the natural plane to the right source of healing on the supernatural plane. More, it must recognize how much the healing even at the physical level depends on a healing of a spirit.

Turning from the mental and physical life to the surroundings of the individual and of society, we have the great increase in convenience, orderliness and seemliness, in beauty, comfort and luxury which science can bring about in the outward circumstances of man's life. This is by far the most obvious of the products of science's impact on the community. The specialism of science on a materialistic

plane becomes misleading when it forgets its self-chosen restriction and regards its outlook as all-inclusive. Even that falsity of outlook, though sufficiently grave in itself, would be of comparatively minor consequence were it restricted to those actually engaged in scientific work. But the prestige of science, in its popular quasi deification, is so immense that the outlook of its workers permeates society as a whole. While the man of science pursues truth on the narrow plane of matter, the implicit denial that any other plane exists spreads a corresponding influence throughout the community. Here, then, is one of the practical results of the impact of science: a materialistic outlook in society, a one-sided social life, a continual tendency to exploit the ideas and inventions of science to a materialistic end.

That influence has of course been mutual: a materialistic society has acted on the man of science, even while the man of science has pulled society still further downward along the path of materialism. Nevertheless, those scientists, religious or otherwise, who from the days of Sir Isaac Newton onwards have dissociated science from religion, have to bear their share of responsibility for the grievous result of a false division, as have the men of affairs insofar as they have similarly detached politics, economics, art, industry, commerce, the professions and ordinary daily life from a religious context.

The misuse, as well as the right use, of the inventions of pure and of ap-

plied science is familiar to all—one needs only to be reminded of the evil as well as the good uses to which men have put such scientific inventions as the internal-combustion engine, wireless telephone, the motion picture, or the airplane. Industrial science has invented wonderful mechanical aids to agriculture, capable of relieving man of the heaviest physical drudgery and of yielding more abundantly the fruits of the earth. But we have on the debit side the greed of man for gain, using those same mechanical tools, and science's parallel discoveries of more prolific and more disease-resistant crops, for the unbalanced, large-scale agriculture which has resulted in the sterilization of an alarmingly large proportion of agricultural land.

In another direction, applied science has provided, and a section of biological and of economic science has advocated, facilities accepted by large sections of the public as a boon, in spite of the empty cradle, the warped marriage, the divorce, and the social evil to which this particular invention has given rise: the contrivances used for the prevention of conception. I know of no more insidious poison than this practice, now so generally accepted by non-Catholic populations, in making the spirit insensitive to true values in life. The indulgence in the pleasures of sex without acceptance of its responsibilities can all too easily create a dullness of perception and an uncertainty of reaction towards moral issues in many other directions. There is all the more reason, then, that Catholics should most

scrupulously avoid the remotest association with what, to them, is not merely an evil habit but a most grievous sin.

In eugenics, science has applied its principles, with their limitations in perspective and their omission of the spiritual from the categories of the scientific, to the development of the "best" breeds of men and women. Insofar as this is made to be of practical application to man, I should prefer to name it a pseudo science, something which, dealing with spiritual beings, believes that it is able to define a way of life, a selection for mating, which can meet the circumstances even while it omits the spiritual from its view. Other things being equal, the science of eugenics might plead some justification for eliminating the hemophilic, the congenitally blind, the physically deformed, the mentally defective, and so on, ignoring their individual wishes in the light of the greater needs of society as a whole. But other things are not equal. The physically hale and hearty, the mentally robust, the straight-limbed and clear-eyed, are not necessarily the greatest benefactors of the race. The saints have by no means always been those most robust in mind or in body; yet the general raising of the average, if by a process which might prevent the emergence even of some of the saints, would be a calamity to humanity. So could the emergence of the beast in man were that other dream of eugenics to come true universally as it now seems to be doing in Germany, whereby the mating on purely physical grounds should be ar-

ranged between those adjudged physically and racially fit.

What would such a pseudo science do with the unfit? Some it would sterilize, others it would "liquidate" under the euphemism of euthanasia. In sterilization of the unfit one is in effect offering further hurt to a personality, already unduly burdened by the injury which disease or its parentage or unhappy surroundings have inflicted on it, by persuading or compelling it to a loss of physical integrity. That is in itself a negation of justice; and its injustice to the individual leads to sinister consequences to society. Destroy the reverence for the individual personality in such a way, and with it the recognition of the duty of the individual towards expression of that personality, and you inflict a wound on society as a whole.

Keeping its eye fixed on the natural phenomenon of prolonged pain, incurable disease, the wearing out of the body, this modernistic science offers the seemingly logical solution of ending the individual's life, of course with his consent. But such science forgets the supernatural side of the crisis involved in the patient's relation to his Maker, in the opportunity of final clearance of conscience; in the urgent and repeated reminder to do so which his pain or weakness brings; in the means of grace which comes with the faithful endurance of such pain as cannot be assuaged by the lawful processes of medicine; and in the good influence exerted upon others by reason of his Christian endurance.

A science unlinked with religion is too readily the tool of the lower appetites of man, because its conclusions are weighted with a materialistic bias. That it is already being used as a tool to such an end appears in the reports of the enforced death in Germany of the aged, insane, mentally defective, and, so it is stated, of those incurably injured in the war.

An illustration of this materialistic bias occurs in the realm of ideas, when science puts forward its hypothesis of evolution to explain the present state of the world and even of the universe. That hypothesis applies to the physical world, to the material aspect of nature and man. At that level it gives a most enlightening panorama of a majestic sequence of events. But, since science limits its outlook to the natural, disregarding the spiritual, this hypothesis has no bearing on the spiritual life of man and has no light to throw on the spiritual relation of the elements of nature within themselves, in their association with man, or in the relation of all to their Creator. Yet this idea of evolution is perpetually interpreted as applying to the spiritual as well as to the natural. The struggle for existence, which is one aspect of the suggested mechanism of natural evolution, is translated into the spiritual relations of man with man, so that competition in industry, the getting the better of one's neighbor, is interpreted as a natural and inevitable part of the evolution into a higher race. Further, it engenders an attitude of mind in which the upward evolution of society is a postulate.

of thought. The opposite view, of life as a crisis, with a movement upwards or a step downwards, individually and as a society, according as the individual or the social will obeys or disobeys at each moment the divine purpose, is quite foreign to the texture of the modern mind. Society, under the influence of its science, has come to believe in gradual development, to disbelieve in sudden crisis, whether of the creation, the fall, or a divinely effected recovery. It does affirm a gradual emergence from imperfection, with a reversion now and then to atavistic traits; it does not recognize the fact of sin.

This same attitude of authority in a region in which it is a stranger finds expression in the influence of science on the modernist religious view, in which the naturalistic ideas of science are applied to the spiritual realm of religion. There can be no miracles, says the modernist, for science knows nothing of these; there cannot have been a physical resurrection of Christ, for the dead body does not come to life; Christ cannot have been both Man and God, for that is contrary to nature; He cannot therefore have been more than a sublime human being. So a modernist theology, melancholy in its tenuity of belief, is a product in the theological sphere of that separation of mind from spirit which science imposed on itself.

What might have been the impact of science on society, had it retained an association with religion? Perhaps the development of science would have been slower, would have reached some lower degree of specialized attainment than it has in fact achieved: not because religion is antagonistic to science, but because unsatisfied hunger is a most potent urge to attainment. A mind closing its doors on religion is hungry for it knows not what, and seeks satisfaction in a proportionately intense drive towards the secrets of a science which provides it with a substitute for religion. A science balanced by religion would, perhaps, not have got as far as it has on the material side. But how much more balanced, more rich in significance, would have been its outlook!

It would have provided an atmosphere in society giving positive and strong discouragement against the use of its discoveries to the spiritual disadvantage, even if to the material advantage, of the community. It would have played its very important part in reducing that perpetual downward bias, with the perpetual disappointments which it brings in the results of human effort. Much has been lost by the dissociation of science from religion; and by so much has science lost of significance in its impact on society.



Whenever the literary German dives into a sentence, that is the last you are going to see of him till he emerges on the other side of the Atlantic with his verb in his mouth.

Mark Twain.

The Chinese Art of Eating

By LIN YUTANG

In favor of flavor

Condensed from *Fu Jen**

The difference in attitude regarding the problem of food is represented in Europe by the French and the English. The French eat enthusiastically, while the English eat apologetically. The Chinese national genius leans decidedly toward the French.

The danger of not taking food seriously and allowing it to degenerate into a slipshod business may be studied in the English national life. If they had known any taste for food, their language would reveal it. The English language does not provide a word for *cuisine*: they just call it cooking. They have no proper word for *chef*: they just call him a cook. They may be willing to say of a pudding that "it is awfully good"—but there they let the matter rest. Now if a pudding is good, it is good for some definite reasons, and about these problems the Englishman does not bother himself.

The first condition of learning how to eat is to talk about it and exchange opinions on it. Only in a society, like the French and Chinese, wherein people of culture and refinement inquire after the chef's health instead of talking about the weather, can the art of *cuisine* be developed. No food is really enjoyed unless it is keenly anticipated, discussed, eaten, and then commented upon. Scholars should not be afraid to write essays on the culinary art as the

Chinese scholars do. Long before we have any special food, we think about it, rotate it in our minds, anticipate it as a secret pleasure to be shared with some of our closest friends, and write notes about it in our invitation letters, like the following: "My nephew just brought some special vinegar from Chinkiang and a real Nanking salted duck from Laoyuchai." Long before the autumn moon rises, a real scholar, like Li Liweng, as he himself confesses, would plan and save money for fresh crabs, decide upon a historical place where he could have the crab dinner with his friends under the midautumn moon or in a wilderness of chrysanthemums, negotiate with some of his friends to bring wine from Gov. Tuan Fang's cellar, and meditate upon it as the English meditate upon their champion sweepstakes number.

We Chinese are unashamed of our eating. We have "Su Tungp'o pork" and "Kiang bean curd." In England a Wordsworth steak or Galsworthy cutlet would be unimaginable. Wordsworth sang about "simple living and high thinking," but he failed to observe that good food, especially fresh-cut bamboo shoots and mushrooms, counts among the real joys of a simple rural life. The Chinese poets, with a more utilitarian philosophy, have frankly sung about the "minced perch

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and *shun*-vegetable soup" of their native home. Many Americans while abroad sigh for their ham and sweet potatoes, but they will not admit that this makes them think of home, nor will they put it in their poetry.

Anyone who opens the pages of any Chinese novel will be struck by the detailed and constant descriptions of the entire menu of what Taiyā had for breakfast, of what Paoyü had at midnight. No great English poet or writer would condescend to write a cookbook, which they regard as belonging outside the realm of literature and worthy of the efforts of Aunt Susan only. But the great poet-dramatist Li Liweng did not consider it beneath his dignity to write about the cooking of mushrooms and all kinds of vegetarian and nonvegetarian foods. Another great poet and scholar, Yüan Mei, wrote a whole book on cooking, besides writing a most wonderful essay on his cook.

Two principles distinguish Chinese from European cooking. One is that we eat food for its *texture*, the elastic or crisp effect it has on our teeth, as well as for fragrance, flavor and color. A great part of the popularity of bamboo shoots is due to the fine resistance the young shoots give to our teeth. But more important is the fact that the bamboo sprout lends flavor to meat (especially pork) cooked with it and, on the other hand, it receives the flavor of the pork itself. This is our second

principle, that of mixing flavors upon which the whole culinary art of China depends. No one, for instance, knows how cabbage tastes until he has tasted it when properly cooked with chicken, and the chicken flavor has gone into the cabbage and the cabbage flavor has gone into the chicken. From this principle of mixture, any number of fine and delicate combinations can be developed. When Chinese see in a foreign dinner vegetables like spinach or carrots cooked separately, and then served on the same plate with pork or roast goose, they cannot help smiling at the barbarians.

The Chinese are bad evangelists, but they have a rich store of famous and wonderful recipes to teach the West, when the West is ready and humble enough to learn. It is unlikely that this will be soon, for we have no gunboats, and even if we had we would never care to go up the Thames or the Mississippi and shoot the English and Americans into heaven against their will. Nevertheless, any nation that does not know how to eat and enjoy living as we do is uncouth and uncivilized in our eyes. For in China the art of living is a second instinct and a religion; and the spiritual values have not been separated from the material values, but rather help—as in our wholehearted concentration on food—in a keener enjoyment of life as it falls to our lot.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Adams, Elizabeth L. *Dark Symphony*. New York: Sheed. 194 pp. \$2.50.

Spiritual life of the educated Negro, portrayed by a Negro Tertiary convert through her autobiography.

Ellard, Gerald, S.J. *The Dialog Mass*. New York: Longmans. 223 pp. \$2.75.

Historical perspective and contemporary survey of this vital part of the liturgical movement.

Fichter, Joseph H., S.J. *Saint Cecil Cyprian*. St. Louis: Herder. 282 pp. \$2.50.

Scholarly and objective work on the Carthaginian martyr who late in life brought his prodigious intellect to the service of the Church. This is the first life of the saint written in English by a Catholic.

McGrath, Fergal, S.J. *Father John Sullivan*. New York: Longmans. 285 pp. \$2.75.

Biography of an Irish priest, with emphasis on his intense spiritual life.

Mecham, J. Lloyd. *Church and State in Latin America*. Chapel Hill, N.C.: University of North Carolina Press. 550 pp. \$4.50.

Excellent and generally objective account of the relations between Church and state in South America and Mexico. A necessary book for those who pretend to understand the Americas.

Noll, John F. *Our National Enemy No. 1: Education Without Religion*. Huntington, Ind.: Our Sunday Visitor Press. 312 pp. \$1.

More than 300 quotations from non-Catholic sources on the defects of nonreligious public education and its disastrous consequences for youth and world affairs.

Plus, Raoul, S.J. *Progress in Divine Union*. New York: Pustet. 142 pp. \$1.50.

Intended to rouse tepid Catholics to heartfelt prayer.

Sharp, Elizabeth. *The Gifts of God*. St. Paul: Catechetical Guild. 88 pp. 50c, paper.

Ten essays giving a fresh awareness and joy in the value of God's gifts to mankind.

Woodgate, M.V. *St. Louise de Marillac*. St. Louis: Herder. 196 pp. \$2.

Biography of the foundress of the Sisters of Charity, embodying the story of the Community's early difficult years.